



# The Sketch

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# THE SKETCH



No. 1468. — Vol. CXIII.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 16, 1921.

ONE SHILLING.



GRAND DUCHESS AND LITTLE DELFT FIGURE: MISS MAGGIE TEYTE, AT THE LYRIC.

Miss Maggie Teyte is as charming as ever in the leading rôle of "A Little Dutch Girl" at the Lyric Theatre, and it's a moot point whether she is more fascinating as the Grand Duchess Julia in her royal robes, or when she appears as the same Grand Duchess masquerading as a dainty little

Dutch Girl, to win her errant bridegroom. The charms of the Duchess—and incidentally of Miss Maggie Teyte—as the Dutch Girl are well illustrated by this beautiful natural-colour photograph, which shows her in the dainty "Delft" costume designed and made by Mr. Reville.

*Natural-Colour Photograph by Reville Studios.*





# Motley Notes



"INVEST ME IN MY MOTLEY - GIVE ME LEAVE TO SPEAK MY MIND.."

By KEBLE HOWARD ("Chicot.")

## Wits at the Union.

"During question time at Oxford Union Society last night, where Mr. Asquith spoke, a member asked whether, in view of the draughts, the right hon. member had brought his cardigan with him. The President replied: 'No doubt he has brought his anti-waste coat.'"

I clip that little paragraph from a London evening journal, which went on—and very rightly—to compliment the President of the Union on his ready wit. Far be it from me to rob the President of his tributes. Considered as an impromptu, the quip would be hard to beat. It is good. It is very good. In point of fact, it is almost too good.

Nowadays, of course, when the whole world is so clever, no Union wag would stoop to the employment of a confederate. Least of all can one imagine the President himself, that august personage on a lofty dais, thinking out a good joke beforehand and working it off on an unsuspecting audience of freshers, ladies, and innocent London journalists. But it used to be done, and successfully done, in the days of long ago—well, comparatively long ago.

There was a great Union wag, of whom I have never since heard, although he was a member of my own college. Question time was his opportunity for dazzling the House with displays of sudden wit. Were they ever concocted beforehand? Would he stoop to the use of a faithful confederate? Perish the thought!

I will give you an example of his lightning wit. It was once repeated from generation to generation of undergraduates, and may be so still.

The dogs of members had become a serious nuisance. Nearly every undergraduate in those days had at least one dog; your social reputation was practically ruined if you were seen walking down the High without a dog. A consequence of this craze was that you could hardly get into the Union—the late British Workman must have complained with exceptional bitterness—without stepping on some of the multitude of small dogs tied to the scrapers.

Something had to be done. Sub-committees met and pondered, and at last decided to provide kennels for the housing of small dogs whose owners were majestically reading the *Pink 'Un* and wolfing piles of hot buttered buns. This decision was duly communicated to a crowded house at question time by the Junior Treasurer—probably J. A. Simon of Wadham, now known as Sir John.

The announcement was received with cheers. "That, Sir," remarked a grave-looking youth, "will be A.I."

Up sprang the famous wit. "No, Sir," he shouted. "I should rather describe it as K.9." Good. Very good. Almost too good.

## Where is This Hotel?

I have before me a remarkable picture, published by the *Khaki Call* of Toronto. It is a picture, the reader is assured, of the only hotel of its kind in the world. It is not for humans, but for horses.

Not only does it provide luxurious quarters for the horses of a local 'bus company, but has many rooms to rent, by the day or week, for horses paying a casual visit to the city. The hotel is three storeys in height, and on every floor there is a comfortable verandah running the full length of the building, up and down which the guests can exercise and take the air. Uniformed attendants look after the animals, and give them "every care and attention that efficient hotel service can devise."

Luxury, in short, is unbridled, and the manager hears all complaints in his private office. If you could see this hotel, friend the reader, you would long to be a horse in such a country. "Here is a country," you would say, "which is not impoverished by the war. Here is a country where there is no housing problem, no food problem, no employment problem. O, happy country! Let us fly thither!"

Let me give you, then, the address of this wonderful hotel. It is situated in Charlottenburg, which is a suburb, as you know, of Berlin. Pray pity the starving, bankrupt Hun!

## An Open Letter. MY DEAR "DAGONET,"—

Studying my *Referee* a few Sundays ago, I suddenly came across your heartrending account of the gradual loss of five out of six gold-mounted pipes. "The third disappeared," you write, "while I was travelling back from Blackpool with Herman Finck and Keble Howard." What memories those two lines recalled!

I remember very vividly that journey from Blackpool. I remember that a wire was sent in your name to Preston—was it?—for a luncheon-basket, and that the lady in the refreshment-room was so overcome with the honour of packing a luncheon-basket for her favourite poet and author—I mean, of course, yourself in both cases—that she wept tears of honest joy! And I remember that the basket contained all sorts of luxurious foods,

most of them unfamiliar to me, even by name. Exotic proofs of platonic affection!

But I do not remember your gold-mounted pipe. And I don't whether Herman Finck remembers it. If it comes to that, do you remember having it yourself? Here, at any rate, is evidence against you. The pipe-smoker, as Sir James Barrie and others have repeatedly pointed out, is a silent fellow. Think now: were you silent during any portion of that journey?

Yours cordially, "CHICOT."



DAUGHTER OF THE LATE CAPTAIN G. R. V. HUME-GORE:  
MRS. H. D. W. DUDLEY.

Mrs. H. D. W. Dudley is the daughter of the late Captain G. R. V. Hume-Gore, Seaforth Highlanders, of Derryluskin, Tipperary, and a grand-daughter of the late Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Gustavus Hume, of H.M. Bodyguard and Permanent Silver-Stick-in-Waiting to Queen Victoria. This is her latest portrait.

Portrait-Study by Bertram Park.



## A "National" Gallery.



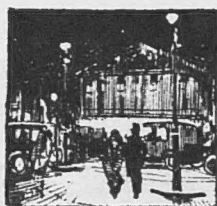
## PERSONALITIES OF THE MOST FAMOUS STEEPLECHASE: SOME WELL-KNOWN SPORTSMEN.

There is likely to be a large field for the Grand National, and our page shows our Artist's impressions of some well-known racing men. Mr. Joseph Widger's Eamon Beag; Lord Wavertree's All White; Baron F. de Tuyll's Daydawn; Mr. H. A. Brown's The Bore; Mrs. H. Hollins' Turkey Buzzard, which is to be ridden by Captain G. Bennet;

and Mr. Clarence Hatry's Bobby Dazzler were all interesting to the people who "take a view" about the famous race some weeks before it is run. Baron F. de Tuyll is the only surviving son of the Duchess of Beaufort, by her first marriage, and Colonel George Paynter, C.M.G., D.S.O., is one of the best-known sportsmen of the day.

Specially Drawn for "The Sketch" By H. F. CROWTHER-SMITH.





## Without Prejudice

"D E," as they say, "mortuis nil nisi bonum." But there is one fairly recent theatrical casualty upon whose sad and premature fate it is perhaps worth while to speculate. One might even Draw Morals. Anyway, the whole story is profoundly instructive as to the present condition of the London stage. To say nothing of the London stage manager.

There we were a few weeks since, with the winter of our discontent deepening into the spring of our frank dissatisfaction. "Chu Chin . . ." oh well, never mind about *that*. "The Garden of . . ."

tut-tut! one need hardly comment on *that* order of performance. Lord Richard was still in the Pantry. Miss Renée Kelly was still taking French Leave. The Dolly Sisters were Electrifying London. And somebody was rash enough to announce that a real play was going to be produced.

At first the report was received with the frank incredulity which it merited. The suggestion was simply *too* fantastic. The rumour indicated that the production was likely to take place in the West End, when everybody knew that the real drama had never got nearer to Piccadilly Circus than the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith. The idea was too absurd. But it Got About.

Then it materialised. And the heroic Reandean outfit confronted

be made into the frame for a bright little picture of post-war England, with its war babies and its war profits and its war losses. In the process it has become something more than that, and the aspiration of the world towards a decent and organised peace finds a noble expression.

Here is a play of fine ideals and witty ideas, well acted, sharply written, and beautifully mounted for us to see. Mr. St. John Ervine, who knows all the dramatic mysteries in the intervals of exploring the still deeper mysteries of the Veiled Touareg of Belfast, has helped Mr. Wells to find dramatic expression of the first order. Mr. George Harris has given him a charming stage picture, which rose in the hill-top scene of the village War Memorial to wonderful beauty. And a first-rate company has carried the whole queer, haunting dream-tale across the footlights. And yet, as Mr. Wells would say, . . .

Odd. If they had printed Sir James Barrie's name at the top of the programme, every suburb would have resounded for months with the fame of its Elfin Humour and its Whimsical Pathos. The crowds might even have paused on their way to His Majesty's to look at the photographs outside the box office. But no.

Yet one has never seen Miss Compton more admirably impersonate Miss Compton. She managed to realise all the awful county ladies who domineer so ignorantly in all the later novels of Mr. Wells. And Mr. J. H. Roberts managed his dreamy clergyman with skill and charm which were heightened by his perpetual suggestion of Forbes-Robertson.

Miss Moyna Macgill imported a slightly disconcerting flavour of the Abbey Theatre into the Siddermorton *patois*. But she acted with real feeling, and her command of mute action as she knelt at the Memorial and felt with her blind fingers along the letters of a dead man's name was moving and beautiful. Heroically unbeautiful was Miss Griffies, and the rising hope of the stern, unbending housekeepers found an excellent representative in Miss Agnes Thomas.

Mr. A. G. Poulton possesses remarkable gifts of vociferation which are wasted in the confined space available in the theatre. He should fight a by-election (Co.-U.). And Mr. Laurence Hanray continues on his mild course of clerical portraiture. You can't go and see them now. But you can go for the sixth time to —, if you like. Speaking personally, I shan't be there.



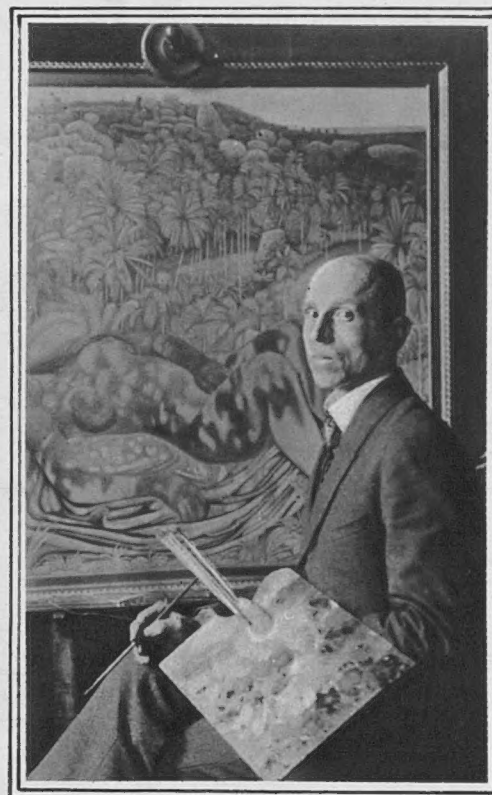
HANGING CONTEMPORARY AMERICAN ART: MR. FRANCIS HOWARD AT THE GRAFTON GALLERIES.

The Exhibition of Contemporary American Art which opened at the Grafton Galleries on Saturday is one of the most important collections of American paintings ever presented in England. Lady Howe, Lady Sandwich, Lady Beatty, Lady Astor, and Lady Ribblesdale are among the well-known American-born peeresses on the Committee for the Exhibition. Our photograph shows Mr. Francis Howard, Director of the Grafton Galleries and Chairman of the Committee superintending the hanging of the pictures.—[Photograph by L.N.A.]

the St. Martin's with "The Wonderful Visit." It was a play. It couldn't be a revue, you see, because there were only two authors. And no trap-drummer. And it was very charming, good to listen to, beautiful to look at, pleasing to the intelligence, easy enough to laugh at, creditable and intelligent in every way. So it lasted—how many weeks was it? And the camels in "The Garden of Allah" still take the air in Covent Garden, whilst the crowds line up for "Hullo, Hogwash" at every suburban music-hall.

Well. We deserve it. But it seems a pity. Here was a play by a man of genius, full of wit, and inspired with a fine humanity that is turned like a searchlight on to the questions of 1920. And we can't find enough people to fill a theatre for it. The saddest disgrace of all is that it would probably be a raging success in America. And if we send them minor masterpieces of that order, and they only ship back the masks in "The League of Nations," we shall never get the theatrical rate of exchange back to par, shall we?

Mr. H. G. Wells seems (like many of us) to have been re-reading his early works. And he found that "The Wonderful Visit" might



AN ARTIST WHO LIVED AMONG APES AND SAVAGES: M. JAROSLAV HNĚVKOVSKÝ, THE CZECHO-SLOVAK WHOSE WORKS ARE ON VIEW AT THE LEICESTER GALLERIES.

M. Jaroslav Hněvkovský, whose paintings of the Jungle are on view at the Leicester Galleries, is a young Czechoslovak artist who was discovered by H. G. Wells and C. R. Nevinson in Prague. He is an ardent patriot, and starved rather than serve in the Austrian army. His work consists of pictures of jungle and savage life, which he obtained by living—almost like Tarzan of the films—among the apes and savages of the Indian and Cingalese jungle.



## Including an Earl's Bride and a Hero's Wife.



ENGAGED TO EARL STANHOPE, D.S.O., M.C. :  
LADY EILEEN BROWNE.



WITH HIS WIFE : CAPTAIN E. R. EVANS, WHO SAVED  
100 LIVES HIMSELF FROM THE HONG MOH WRECK.



ON A VISIT TO AMERICA : THE HON. MRS. CHARLES WINN  
AND THE HON. KATHERINE NORTON.

Lady Eileen Browne, eldest daughter of the Marquess and Marchioness of Sligo, is engaged to Earl Stanhope, D.S.O., M.C.—Captain E. R. Evans is the Antarctic explorer, whose high heroism in rescuing the shipwrecked coolies on board the *Hong Moh* has aroused so much admiration. He is in command of H.M.S. *Caird*, which went to



WIFE OF THE ROUMANIAN MINISTER AT WASHINGTON :  
PRINCESS BIBESCO, FORMERLY MISS ELIZABETH ASQUITH.

the aid of the *Hong Moh*, and was personally responsible for saving one hundred lives.—The Hon. Mrs. Charles Winn is the elder daughter of Lord Queenborough, and was, before her marriage to Lord St. Oswald's brother, the Hon. Olive Paget. She has just arrived in America. The Hon. Katherine Norton is the youngest daughter of Lord Grantley.





## More About Mariegold



"WHAT a pity! The Crewes are painting their house. It had mellowed into a nice, mild old yellow colour, like the limp vellum on an Elizabethan poetry book. I wish he'd left it."

"But that's my only grumble," Mariegold went on. "Life has been amusing this last week or two, and I'm not going to grouse."



1. Algy has been most unkind of late, and Angela is most bored. So she gets a lot of lovely new hats and things, and decides to go away to the Cosmopolitan Hotel at Brightbourne disguised as a Professional Siren, and Really See Life.

"In the first place, let me tell you I did my little bit in the famous Davis good-bye stunt. You know, for a whole week before they left it was impossible to move in Society without running into it—an atmosphere thick with farewells, if not with kisses."

"I bumped into it at Lady Astor's banquet in St. James's Square. The Readings were prominent. They had leading parts in all those farewells. There had been so many of them before the scene on the platform, that obviously the finale would have fallen quite flat if Lord Reading had not had the inspiration to kiss the lady."

"A buss, what right here?—it reminded us of that, of course. It was quite plainly his inspiration, not hers, and it had more than an international significance. It rehabilitated the kiss!"

"You have only to read the law reports in the papers for a week to become quite shy of kissing. It sounds so dreadfully improper by the time counsel on both sides have made their jokes. It's not done, as they say in Pont Street. But now Lord Reading and Mrs. Davis have made it respectable again."

"Somerset Maugham, by the way, suppresses the habit, more or less, in 'The Circle.' Those lovers of his go through three whole acts with only one embrace, and then they don't seem quite happy about it. And the only thing that Ernest Thesiger, the husband, caresses is his thirty-five pound Sheraton chair, and I'm not sure that he hadn't good reason: the furniture was obviously more genuine than some of Somerset Maugham's characters."

"You know some of it was his own furniture, or Mrs. Somerset Maugham's," I said, "taken from their own house to the Haymarket Theatre, to give tone to the stage effect."

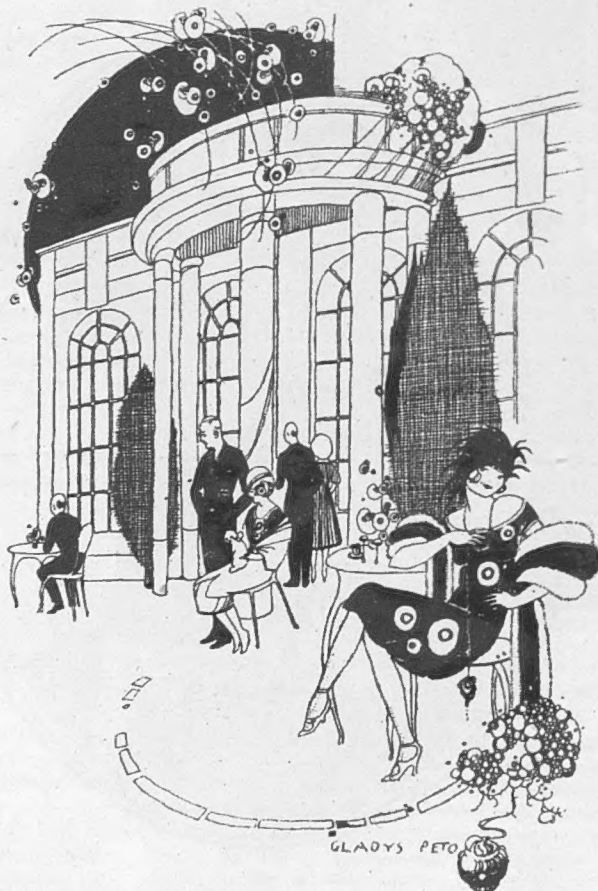
What surprised us was to see Lady Ribblesdale at the Haymarket, looking very beautiful. Or was it a delusion—not the beauty, certainly, but the identity? She was with Lord Ribblesdale and friends, some distance from us, but unmistakably, as we decided, Lady Ribblesdale.

I keep reading in the papers that she is on the Riviera, and I am not one of those who refuse to believe a thing just because I see it in print. That would be undermining the foundations of Society gossip. But whether she is on the Riviera or not, I am convinced she managed to work in a flying visit to Grosvenor Square and the Haymarket.

Anyway, Lord Ribblesdale was there, a truant from the desk at which we are told he sits at deadly grips with a book of Reminiscences. His trouble, he tells a friend, is the abundance of memories that crowd in. He can write; he has an admirable style; he drives a pen with as much distinction as he rides a hunter. His only trouble is the bringing of an overwhelming mass of material into order. If he could have borrowed Arnold Bennett's method and typewriter and unblushing industry for a fortnight, his book—and a great book at that—would have been produced long ago.

"Well, to recur!" said Mariegold. "That party of Lady Astor's in St. James's Square was both banquet and reception. I began at the beginning—right at the beginning of the feast. Afterwards, the ball-room became packed—far too packed for dancing. It was thick with diplomats, Japanese, and French officers. They were everywhere. And in the centre was Lady Astor enjoying Sir Harry Lauder—Lady Astor in a diamond tiara, and Sir Harry in kilt and white scarf. They both looked like 'movie' stars—or rather, like a page out of Sir Walter Scott, or a few hundred feet out of a Scott film."

"The Austen Chamberlains were there, and 'Ll. G.'s' ubiquitous secretary, Philip Kerr. News of Griffith-Boscawen's defeat arrived



2. The month being March, the weather is just like June. Angela sits on the terrace lapping up liqueurs and looking as evil as anything—but nobody takes any notice at all.

in the middle of supper, and spread both rejoicing and dismay among the assembled Parliamentarians. It all fitted in most happily—just as if Lady Astor had arranged it all as a special feature of the evening.



Other people, who are not political, rely on stars from 'The League of Nations' to amuse their guests. It's a great stunt now to borrow Grace Cristie or some other interesting person from the New Oxford. Sir Philip Sassoon and Lady Lavery have both gone there for their 'stars,' but Lady Astor had an election result instead.

"It was nice, too, to see Mrs. Colin Coote again, looking so particularly well after her recent addition to the family. She and her husband make a very youthful and good-looking pair, and he is already mentioned freely for coming office."

Lady Lavery and Sir John left London immediately after the last and most amusing of their parties. That was just when the Academy was electing him R.A.

"I thought he was R.A. years and years ago," said Mariegold. "It's belated, but congratulations all the same—to the Academy."

"How differently we feel about those things nowadays," she went on. "When I was a little girl and used to be trotted round to the studios on Studio Sunday, the elections used to loom large. How important they seemed! And how important the Academicians felt! Even their Studio Sunday cakes, I remember, were better and richer than the cakes of the poor outsiders. Now the trouble is to take it seriously enough, and to remember to put R.A. after Lavery's name—Sir John Lavery, R.A."

"And the Academy, by the way, is coming round again. I hear good things of Munnings' picture of the Prince in hunting pink, which will certainly be one of the pictures of the year."

"Last week I saw the Prince's car outside the Wallace Collection—evidently a chance visit, such as he is fond of making to any old place at any old time. He is not an idle young man. Not many hours a week does he give to dawdling!"

We chanced, even as Mariegold was speaking, upon another Royal. We were seeking a newly recommended restaurant, in the purlieus of the Palace Theatre, when in Shaftesbury Avenue our taxi was pulled up, not by an ordinary policeman, but by a swell Inspector. Then, in full view, his profile very distinct against the glare of the street, the King passed us, with the Queen at his side. They drew up at a side door, and disappeared into the theatre—for the hilarious evening with Lauder that has been fully described elsewhere.

Our restaurant, it goes without saying, was a disappointment. We are now, in conformity with the universal habit in regard to cheap restaurants in Soho, recommending it to our friends.

Last Thursday's summer sun set London strolling. We met Lady Holford exploring Shepherd Market, in the company of a man Mariegold described as "dandy"—a man with a waist and Ouida shoulders. The Holfords, of course, still own Dorchester House. One pauses to note the fact, because people are losing the good old habit of householding.

Grace Lady Newborough, another Park Laner, had a little dinner-party, with the Italian Ambassador for guest of honour—the last dinner she will give in that lovely house for some little time to come, as she has let it furnished for three months, three important London months. And Lady Glenconner, it should be noted, has not sold, but let, her house in Queen's Gate.

"Americans—and particularly rich American women—are on the hunt just now for really swagger furnished houses. It is to be a season of American women. Lady Astor has a niece with her, and Lady Astor's nieces have a way of becoming very popular over here. You will hear a great deal more of Alice Perkins before the spring is over."

"Lady Curzon's dinner" is what everybody calls that really splendid gathering at No. 1, Carlton House Terrace. "It became

essentially hers," said Mariegold, who has heard all about it from one of the elect, "as soon as they gathered round that long table decorated with crimson tulips. It had the woman's touch. And for this reason, too, it was essentially hers. The principal guests were men—the Duke of York and M. Briand—and so, of course, the chief places of honour were next to the hostess. If the chief guests had been women—a Princess or two, say—Lord Curzon, of course, would have been master in his own house, instead of second fiddle."

Lady Millicent Hawes, as we foretold in this page, is paying one of her rare visits to England, and was at the dinner. The crowd (as select a crowd as you can well imagine) came in after.

"And now," said Mariegold, "I want to tell you about the new American Ambassador, who is, after all, quite as interesting as the departed one, though he and his wife have to do without the *réclame* of a Viceregal kiss, for the time being."

"They come from Peacham, a rural village in Vermont renowned for its highbrows. Since childhood he has been engaged in newspaper work, and claims to have made two Presidents and downed one—a journalistic Warwick! He is the most vitriolic editor in the United States. He is a *bon viveur*, and talks like a Southern Colonel reminiscing. He is free of speech and fearless of pen, and should make a thoroughly interesting Ambassador at St. James's. He can always be drawn by the word 'Wilson,' which has the same effect on him as 'rats' on an intelligent terrier."

"And now," she ended, "you know him almost as well as I do."

Well ahead of time does the Prince make his plans; not because he is by nature a young man who likes to live according to schedule, but because it is the only way he can emerge with anything like composure from the scramble—the scramble of people who have some sort of claim upon him.

One of the things for which he is booked, and which, I believe, he is quite pleased to see marked down on his calendar, is the Gala and Fête to be held in the grounds of the Royal Military Hospital on May 13 and 14. It will be a popular occasion, with cricket matches, a village fair, and a bazaar.

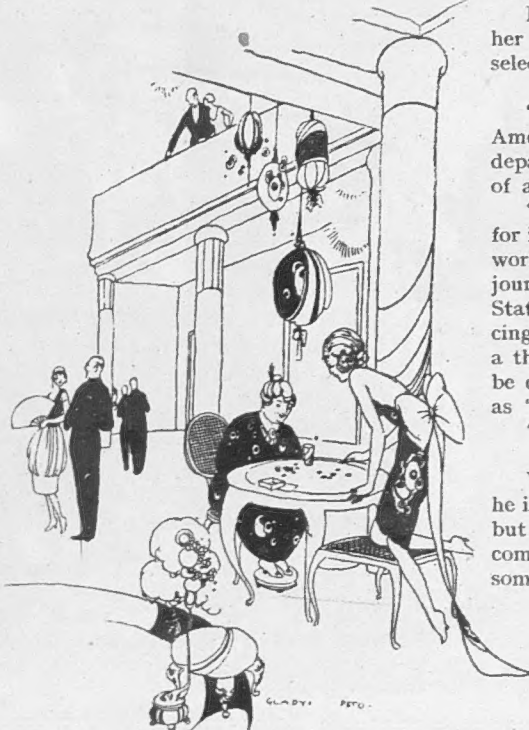
"It is a long while ahead, I admit, but it is worth knowing about now, because a limited number of the fathers, mothers, guardians, and sisters of cadets will be accommodated in the College itself for the two nights, and given meals on the premises. That will be an experience! But what a difficulty for the authorities to allot

their accommodation—to deal fairly by mere guardians, I mean, and yet find room for a fair proportion of supplicating sisters!"

Mariegold hears from her friend Monica Ewing that the *matinée* of "Rhoda Fleming" at the Ambassadors' Theatre on March 21 should not be missed by Meredithians. Meredith has never yet staged very well, so the thing is an experiment. George Moore, Mariegold hopes, will go, so as to revise his impressions of "Rhoda Fleming," which he slated in his youth. "And he has never said 'Sorry,'" she declares.

Meanwhile, theatres are crowded o' nights. Lord Lathom took

Miss Margaret Cooper to the first performance of the revised "Her Husband's Wife"—his first first-night, I believe, since his return from the Riviera. He hasn't lost the taste, he tells me, and will miss no more so long as he is in London.



3. And, indeed, she is totally ignored during the whole week-end—until dear old Mrs. Churchleigh-Deacon, who was always fond of young people, asked her to join her in a game of tiddly-winks.



4. And later it occurs to Angela that Those Whose Lives are Really Lurid often look quite prim, and are not even always pretty. Angela feels there must be a catch in it somewhere—or does one have to join a union?



# Of Social, Political, and Sporting Interest: Riviera 'Snaps.'



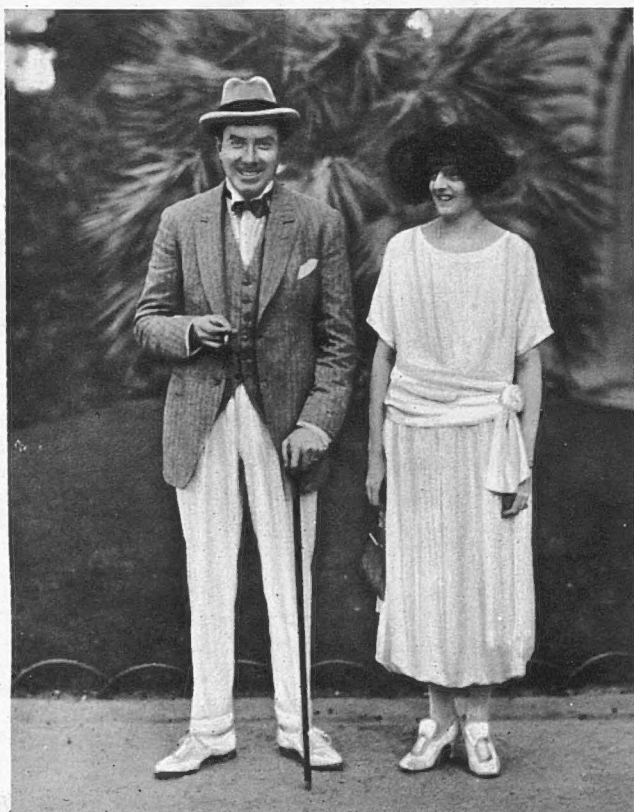
DAUGHTER OF THE SECRETARY FOR IRELAND: MISS HAMAR GREENWOOD.



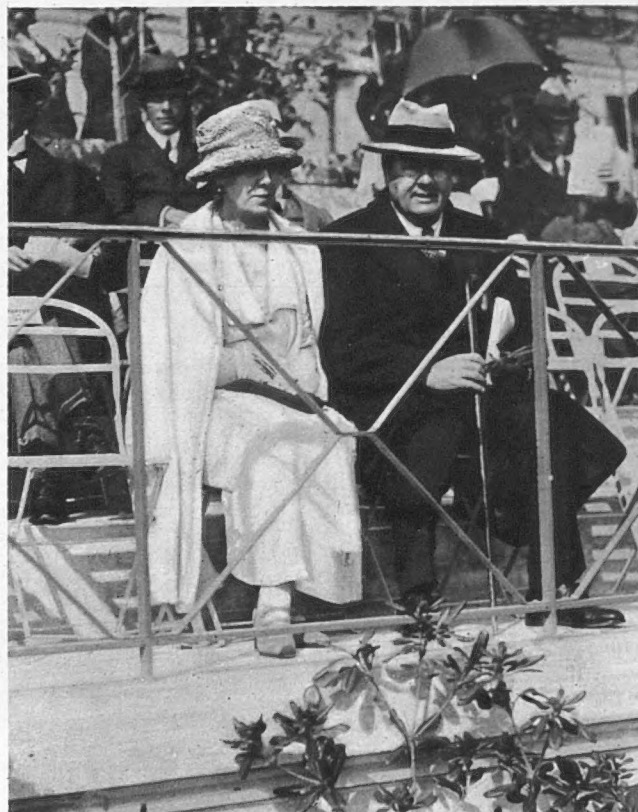
PLAYING AT MONTE CARLO: LADY ROCKSAVAGE.



ON THE COURTS AT MONTE CARLO: THE DUCHESS OF WESTMINSTER.



A HAPPY SNAPSHOT IN THE SUN: MR. AND MRS. FRANK GUNNING WYATT.



ENJOYING THE BRILLIANT SUN AT MONTE CARLO: LORD AND LADY NORTHCLIFFE.

This page of pictures from the Riviera shows some extremely interesting personalities in the social and political as well as the sporting arena. Miss Hamar Greenwood is the charming daughter of Sir Hamar Greenwood, the Chief Secretary for Ireland. Lady Rocksavage is the

wife of Lord Rocksavage and the sister of Sir Philip Sassoon. The Duchess of Westminster is the bride of the Duke of Westminster, and daughter of Sir William Nelson. It will be remembered that her marriage took place last autumn—[Photographs by Navello.]



# Rugby Hunt Steeplechases and a Meet.



AT THE RUGBY HUNT STEEPLECHASES: MR. BARFORD AND MISS DORAH BARFORD.



WITH MR. BAGNALL: SIR CHARLES KNIGHTLEY, BT., AT THE RUGBY HUNT STEEPLECHASES.



CHATTING TO MR. ERNEST CHAPLIN AT A MEET OF THE DUKE OF RUTLAND'S: LADY ROBERT MANNERS

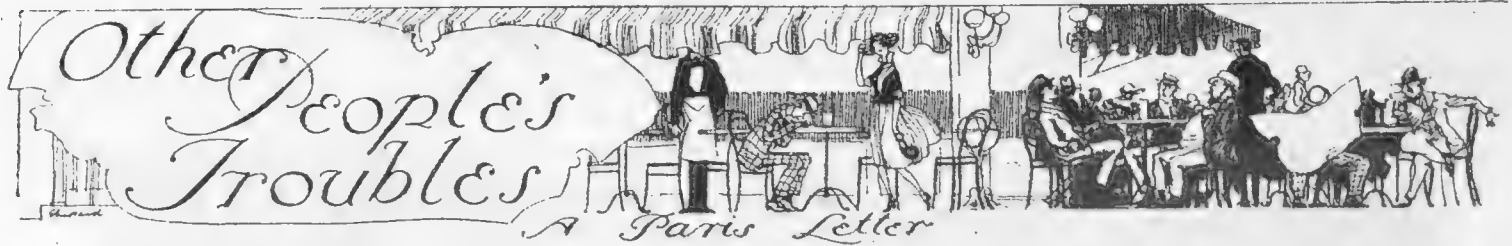


OUT WITH THE DUKE OF RUTLAND'S: LADY IRENE CURZON, ELDEST DAUGHTER OF LORD CURZON OF KEDLESTON.

Two of our photographs were taken at the Rugby Hunt Steeplechases, held recently at Rugby, and the other two at a meet of the Duke of Rutland's at Holwell Village. Sir Charles Knightley, of Fawsley, Northampton, is the fifth baronet. Lady Robert Manners is the widow

of Lord Robert Manners, C.M.G., D.S.O., son of the seventh Duke of Rutland. Lady Irene Curzon, who is a keen horsewoman, is the eldest of the three beautiful daughters of Lord Curzon of Kedleston, and sister to Lady Cynthia Mesley.—[Photographs by T.P.A.]





WHILE everybody in England was, I suppose, pulling a grave face at the prospect of terrible and troublesome excitements, Paris was holding its first masked ball at the Opéra and was indulging in such an orgy of dressing-up as not even the Oldest Inhabitant can remember. That is the sort of people we are. Newspapers could talk till they were black in the face about new and obscure perils, but we, *mes enfants*, turned ourselves into mandarins and houris, according to sex, and moved in a fantastic maze of fancy dresses. It is wrong to describe Paris as frivolous; it is philosophical. While statesmen may amuse themselves with the less serious side of life, the people of the Gay City seriously occupy themselves with the real interests of life. Who will say that dancing and dress and laughter are not among the things which most matter? This is, perhaps, a "Phi-Philosophy," but it is as good as any other.

It is true, as the paragraph-writers are telling us, that green is coming into its own again. Both in jewellery and in dress green seemed to be the predominant colour at the Opéra. This is, of course, a curious revolt against an old superstition. Green used to be considered unlucky. It certainly is not regarded as unlucky now. It is not only the trees which, striving to get into the fashion, are adorning themselves with green. The Parisienne is garbing herself from head to foot in green: green hat or green turban, jade necklace, emerald robe, green fan—even green shoes, for evening wear, are a striking feature of the March mode.

For household decorations green is coming more and more into the colour-scheme: great green and gold cushions and hangings, green shades for the electric light, green boudoirs and green salons—why, the only place where green is not the prevailing hue appears to be the bath-room, of which the Parisienne is becoming so proud. I have just been reading an elaborate description of the bath-rooms of our best-known actresses. They are amazingly luxurious. There is, for example, the bath of Mlle. Cécile Sorel, of white marble covered with exquisite bas-reliefs, placed on a handsome dais, with panther-skins thrown on the steps. Huge mirrors shine on the gold-and-white walls. Again, Mlle. Gabrielle Dorziat has given particular attention to the rooms reserved for the toilette. The bath is of coral, and the washstand of black mosaic. Oriental tapestry separates

and statues, with the beautiful screens now so much in vogue, are revealed to us with studied indiscretion. We are made to gasp at the golden basin in which Mlle. Spinelli performs her ablutions: the baths of silver, and the tables of marble. Madame remarked naively when she called my attention to these sumptuous arrangements: "But one would have to be very rich to be a celebrated actress!"

But then, are we not all rich nowadays, although as individuals and as nations we complain of our poverty? The municipality, for example, among other expensive schemes, proposes to give us moving streets, like the moving platform in certain Tube stations, except that they will be on the level. I had supposed that this idea belonged to the realms of *fantaisie*—the sort of thing that H. G. Wells might amuse himself by describing in some imaginary city of the future. It is true that at the exhibition of 1900 something of the sort on a small scale was attempted, but I do not think that the notion of travelling boulevards has ever seriously been put forward before. Certainly the Mayor of Montmartre, Jules Depaquit, once issued a manifesto announcing that he intended to put the steep streets of the Free Commune on wheels, so that the good citizens, painters and Bohemians and highbrows, could without exertion go from cabaret to cabaret. Now it is the Paris Council which is considering whether there cannot be constructed a pavement which will roll from the Madeleine to the Opéra, and later to other points of Paris. You will simply have to step on to this magic carpet and be whisked to your destination!

No more trouble with taxis! No more waiting for the motor-bus which is always the motor-bus you don't want, and never the motor-bus you do want! No more incredibly crowded Métro trains! There will be the circulating *trottoir* on which you step, and without the smallest exertion you will be carried along with the human current. There is one advantage that seems to have been overlooked—the ordinary boulevards, which are at certain hours becoming almost impassable for the pedestrian, filled with a throng which ambles along at the rate of about a mile an hour, will be left comparatively clear.

It is not impossible that the project will be realised. Strange things are happening in these days, when dead poets continue to write and to get their poetry published. Mme. Judith Gautier has now disappeared from the life of Paris for four years, but a volume written—or rather, dictated—by her has just appeared. It is Mlle. Meyer-Zundel, a friend of Mme. Judith Gautier, who is the medium. The critics do not appear to think that the quality of her poetry has been improved in the spirit world. It seems hard on the living poets that they should have this unfair competition. At any moment Shakespeare may start producing new plays which will knock out all present-day playwrights, including Bernard Shaw—unless, perchance, theatrical managers refuse to look at the Shakespearean manuscripts submitted to them. Dickens may scatter modern novelists, and Tennyson put to flight the poets of our generation! It is a sad outlook for the writer who has his living to earn.

SISLEY HUMBLETON.



SURROUNDED BY HER MAIDS OF HONOUR: Mlle. BÈCLU, THE MI-CARÊME QUEEN OF QUEENS. Mlle. Bèclu, the Mi-Carême Queen of Queens, came from the 13th Arrondissement. Our photograph shows her in full state.—[Photograph by Keystone View Co.]



COLLEGE "MONITRICES" IN CLASSIC DRESS: THREE INSTRUCTRESSES AT LIEUTENANT HEBERT'S COLLEGE AT DEAUVILLE

Our photograph shows three of the best "Monitrices" at Lieutenant Hebert's college for women at Deauville. They teach the students what they have learnt from Lieutenant Hebert in the way of "rhythmical" jerks.—[Photograph by Keystone View Co.]

these apartments from the neighbouring little salon, and all this section of the house is ornamented in Chinese fashion—black branches with coral blossoms on a background of gold.

Eastern decorations are, indeed, highly favoured in these elegant retreats, and the marvels of antique Japanese and Chinese furniture



## Wayangs in Society: Javanese Visitors.



WITH ONE OF THE JAVANESE MARIONETTES:  
MISS PHYLLIS RELPH.



ON VIEW AT THE DORIEN LEIGH GALLERY:  
TWO ANCIENT JAVANESE WAYANGS.



USED IN THE BIRTH, MARRIAGE, AND DEATH  
CEREMONIAL: A FINE WAYANG, FROM JAVA.



A DANCER WITH A JAVANESE MARIONETTE:  
MISS JOAN PICKERING.

Not to know what a Wayang is, is to admit ignorance of the latest Society craze, for the greatest interest is now being taken in these beautiful Javanese marionettes, and a unique collection of them is now on exhibition at the Dorien Leigh Galleries, Millais House, Cromwell Place. Wayangs are beautifully cut in leather, and are painted in rich colours. They hold an important place in

the life of a Javanese, as birth, marriage, death, and harvest ceremonies are not considered complete unless a Wayang play is given. The gamelang, a native orchestra, usually accompanies these plays, and travelling dancing girls attend; but as the native customs are beginning to die out, these additions to the Wayang plays are becoming rare.—[Photographs by Dorien Leigh.]



# ON THE WARDEN HILL COURSE: THE GRENADIER



WITH MISS DANIEL :  
MR. AIRD.



POINTING OUT THE STARTING-POINT TO MRS. BACHE HAY :  
LADY HENRY SEYMOUR.



TALKING TO SOME FRIENDS :  
LADY DERBY.



WITH MR. S. T. CUST : THE HON. MRS.  
ROLAND CUBITT.



DISCUSSING THE RACING WITH  
MISS

The Grenadier and Coldstream Guards Point-to-Point Meeting was held at Warden Hill, by permission of Colonel Heywood Lonsdale, the Master of the Bicester and Warden Hill Hunt. The Prince of Wales, who rode in the Grenadier Guards race, came in third, Lord Dalkeith being the winner on his Faulds Hope, and Lord Henry Seymour being second on his Bronfay. Our photographs show some



# R AND COLDSTREAM GUARDS' POINT-TO-POINT.



SOME OF THE SPECTATORS: MISS BUCKMASTER, MISS STARKEY, MRS. STRAKER AND MAJOR STRAKER.



WITH MISS RENTER: LADY CHESHAM.



FRIENDS: LORD NORTH AND FITZGERALD.



READY TO MOUNT: LORD STANLEY, M.C.



CONGRATULATING LORD DALKEITH ON WINNING THE LORD MANNERS CUP: MISS M. LASCELLES.

interesting personalities at the meeting, including Miss Mollie Lascelles, whose marriage to Lord Dalkeith will take place on April 21, at St. Margaret's, Westminster. Lord Stanley is the son of Lord and Lady Derby, and the Hon. Mrs. Roland Cubitt is the wife of Lord Ashcombe's eldest surviving son, and the younger daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. George and Mrs. Keppel.—[Photographs by Alfieri.]



## Sunbeams out of Cucumbers

"He had been eight years upon a project for extracting sunbeams out of cucumbers, which were to be put into phials hermetically sealed, and let out to warm the air in raw, inclement summers."

—GULLIVER'S TRAVELS.

HAD a visitor from Mars paused in his flight over Beaulieu last week-end he might have been confused in his mind as to whether he were soaring through the twentieth century A.D. or ploughing the azure heights over the temples of early Greece. He would have seen Sir John Lavery in an ecstasy of line and colour peering through pink marble colonnades at the same old sea that enraptured the soul of Pallas Athene. He would have seen purple wistaria and roses through a tangle of cypress and olive-tree, and his heart would have been gladdened by such masses of multi-coloured anemones and golden daffodils as never grew more gloriously round the shrine of Primavera or Flora. Modern tongues might have shrieked: "Maryland—the villa of Mrs. Wilson." Modern Philistines might have pointed: "Mrs. Ward—Muriel Wilson, you know—playing tennis wearing a Lenglen frock." The visitor from Mars would not have listened. He has met Psyche too often and too long ago ever to forget. And he was on bowing acquaintance with Venus before modern Philistines were dreamt of, and he has no patience with the pedantic nomenclature of the simple eternal things. In his log-book he would have scribbled an entry: "Saw Psyche tossing a ball." And, lest his wife see it on his return to Mars, he would have added: "I also flew over Olympus, and beheld many other gods and goddesses tossing balls with long-handled nets (they call them racquets), hot, dishevelled, unbeautiful creatures mostly, playing without hats, screwing their weather-beaten faces into a thousand wrinkles, handicapped in their movements by starched skirts and ugly trousers, the only beauty of their bodies—the play of their young muscles—hidden by sleeves and stockings and straight jackets (they call them jumpers) and such paraphernalia and trappings as you, my dear" (addressing his wife deliberately now, in the hope of convincing her that he has only just glanced at Psyche) would never have been seen dead in!"

But hardly would the lady's jealousy have been assuaged than the following would give her furiously to think—

"But untidy faces are evidently necessary for good tennis. And the games were fast and fearless till Beauty, in the shape of Mrs. Winston Churchill, entered the arena, facing Mrs. Lambert Chambers. And when the finals of the men's Open Singles summoned Gordon Lowe to meet Colonel Kingscote it did not matter much how hideous were modern shirts and trousers, for by the time the interminably long rallies were over most of the clothes were too; and if Edison is right (and it was he who said 'Genius is one per cent. inspiration and ninety-nine per cent. perspiration'), then Gordon Lowe is the greatest genius alive. But Kingscote won the match—won the fifth set by six games to one after four hours' hard play—heart-breaking play where I counted the return flights of the ball in

long rallies over the net more often than there are numbers in Martian mathematics. Both played for safety, though Kingscote deserved the V.C. once for going for his shot, in spite of the score being 40—15 against him, when a mistake would have given the match to Gordon Lowe."

And the discreet Martian would probably write nothing at all in his log-book about the feminine mortals assembled under the trees of the Bristol Hotel gardens to watch the tournament: Lady Lavery, her Titian red hair cut short (she used to sit on it!), and curling up under a terra-cotta hat; Lady Ribblesdale, more beautiful than ever in white and an apple-green shady chiffon hat; Mrs. Paget, all her usual, Parisian *chic* in three shades of brown half-concealed under the prettiest soft brown cape on the Riviera; Lady Philipps and Miss Stanley and Lady Nunburnholme and Lady Essex and Lady Joan Capell and Lady Ward with her mother, Mrs. Whitelaw Reid, the late American Ambassador's widow; and the Duchess of Marlborough and Lady Hadfield and Mrs. Ambrose Dudley and Mrs. Kennard and Lady Glanusk and Lady Eva Wemyss and Mrs. Brinton—and, looking extraordinarily happy in the midst of them all, like a bee sipping the first honey of June, "Fox" MacDonald, not even pretending to watch tennis—and the Hon. Harry Stonor and Sir Charles Cust and Colonel Cyril Hankey with Sir John Ward, who was shepherding a large party from

his villa—the Villa Rosemary—and Major-General Carton de Wiart, V.C., the hero of a hundred battles, just returned from Warsaw, where he is the head of the British Mission, though his inordinate

thirst for war probably will compel him to become a Field-Marshal and stir up some kind of new boundary question before the Powers have finished re-drawing the map of the world. Any man who can be hit fourteen several times by shell and bullet, and still ask for more, though he is minus an eye and an arm and most of the major muscles—any man who still wants to be a soldier after being gassed, and buried alive, and run over by a railway engine, and, for all anyone knows, dropped from an aeroplane or two, *deserves* more if he wants it! Only, heaven send him off on his little own to wage holy wars against Saracens or Turks! The rest of us have had enough. The rest of us want to play tennis at Beaulieu, and polo at Cannes, and golf in Scotland. The most martial are content with summer manoeuvres on Salisbury Plain. I, for one, want never again in life to go near a canteen nor a V.A.D. kitchen (I peeled thousands of hot potatoes till my hands are past praying for!), nor a munition factory, nor—horror of horrors—an operating theatre. I, speaking for all the women of all the world, love Major-General Carton de Wiart; but I wish, like Sir Ian Hamilton, he would take to writing

poems on the beauty of the world, or even epics of the deeds he has done. And I wish he would bear in mind exactly how much it hurt—all those fourteen bad, cruel wounds; and I wish, most of all, that it was not true that he himself can never play any game again.

[Continued overleaf.]



AT THE NATIONAL HUNT RACE BALL, CHELTENHAM: MAJOR T. JESSOP, MASTER OF THE SOUTHWOLD, AND MRS. JESSOP.

Our photograph, which was taken at the National Hunt Race Ball, held at Cheltenham, shows Major Jessop, of Harrington Hall, Spilsbury, the Master of the Southwold, with Mrs. Jessop.

Photograph by S. and G.



TAKEN AT THE NATIONAL HUNT RACE BALL, CHELTENHAM: THE COMMITTEE.

This photograph, which was taken at the National Hunt Race Ball, Cheltenham, shows the Committee. The names, reading from left to right, are, Back Row: Mr. F. H. Cathcart; Major Lloyd Harford; Captain Muir, Master of the Cotswold; Captain Balfour. Front Row: Mr. A. Drake; Miss Maude Kelly, Hon. Secretary; and Major Richards.—[Photograph by S. and G.]



# Cambridge Men as Grecian Women: A Fair Quintet.



1. AS ELECTRA IN THE ORESTEIAN TRILOGY: MR. G. W. H. RYLANDS (KING'S).
2. THE GODDESS PALLAS ATHENE AT THE NEW THEATRE, CAMBRIDGE: MR. A. H. G. DAVIDSON (MAGD.).

There were no women in the recent production of Aeschylus' Oresteian Trilogy—"Agamemnon," "Choephoroe," and "Eumenides"—given in condensed form at the New Theatre, Cambridge, in the original

3. CLYTEMNESTRA, WIFE OF AGAMEMNON: MR. R. C. N. BARTON (C.C.).
4. CASSANDRA PROPHECYING: MR. L. B. EGERTON (TRINITY) IN THE RECENT PRODUCTION.
5. THE PYTHIAN PROPHETESS: MR. N. E. F. BAUMAN (CHRIST'S).

Greek; but, as our page shows, the University men made dignified and handsome Grecian Women, and wore their classic draperies with almost feminine grace.—[Photographs by *Walter Benington*.]



## "SUNBEAMS OUT OF CUCUMBERS."

*Continued.]*

And, talking of soldiers, everyone is very distressed about the one and only Jack Cowans—Sir John, I mean, the war-time Quartermaster-General. He came out to stay at "Maryland" to convalesce after his bad operation, and was promptly seized with such bad sciatica that he has been in bed for weeks, and is only just able to creep out into the sun again. And heaven only knows what is happening to the big oil concession in Mesopotamia.

Another soldier, Major-General Kennedy, who commanded the 4th Cavalry Division in France, appears now equally smart in light-grey tweeds—a carefully thought-out colour-scheme against the Côte d'Azur background. And there are so many Guardsmen about that one wonders who is left at home to look after our Family. And some of them are so obviously *nouveau-riche* that one is convinced they did not stay in the Household Brigade long enough to appreciate the little social subtleties that complicate life for the uninitiated. As witness the beautifully attired youth who covered himself yesterday in the familiar red and blue, and amused us all by promptly doing every single thing he ought not to do, and saying most things he ought not to say about his pedigree and his place and his pride of race—the Chosen People should more pertinently be called the Self-Chosen Race. And the Guards Brigade should change their colours or murder some of their war-time souvenirs—preferably the latter—though, sadly enough, some of their least desirables proved such brave, splendid fellows in France that no one minds forgiving a social *gaffe* or two. But the bravest of all never came back; it is the malingerers who do the flag-wagging now.



THE TWIN DAUGHTERS OF THE NEW LORD RUTHVEN OF GOWRIE: THE HON. ALISON AND THE HON. MARGARET HORE-RUTHVEN.

The Hon. Alison and the Hon. Margaret Hore-Ruthven are the youngest, twin daughters of the new Lord Ruthven of Gowrie, who has just succeeded his father, the eighth Baron. They were born in 1902, and have two elder sisters—the Countess of Carlisle and the Hon. Jean Hore-Ruthven.

*Photograph by Elliott and Fry.*

Hamar-Greenwood about—such a charming girl that most of us were ready to forgive the Government, untried—and Mrs. Winston Churchill, whose own dainty clothes compel you to forget her husband's peccadillos. But the soldiers, to a man, sympathise with General Crozier, and are probing deep down into the questionable



ENGAGED TO MR. OAKLEY ARKWRIGHT: MISS MILLICENT WIGHT-BOYCOTT.

Miss Millicent Wight-Boycott is the only child of the late Brigadier-General T. A. Wight-Boycott, D.S.O., and of Mrs. Wight-Boycott. She is engaged to Mr. Robert Oakley Arkwright, only son of the late Mr. Herbert Arkwright, of Knuston, Northamptonshire, and of Mrs. Arkwright.

*Photograph by Bassano.*

Gay though Beaulieu has been all the week, one misses the special something that made everyone wear their very best smile and their most *chic* clothes last year in honour of the Duke of Connaught. He was so human, and so interested in tennis, and so punctilious in his courtesy to all the players, and so very hospitable to his friends. However, he is expected at his new villa at Cap Ferrât on the 17th, and will doubtless be glad of a rest after his strenuous Indian visit.

And the prevailing topic of conversation has been the Crozier incident, though it was cramping to the style of the anti-Government orators having Miss

affair, though, of course, no one on earth ventures to say who is really to blame, since we know so little of the truth about anything Irish. We do know that Sir Hamar Greenwood has had the soldiers' interest very much at heart hitherto.

A subject that concerns us more is the "Halve-the-Bill" offer at the preliminary conferences of French and British Premiers. The French are emphatic enough, thank God, in their talk of *force* to open Germany's purse; and M. Briand will insist, they say, that reparations should be discussed before disarmament; that the Paris decisions should not be modified so as to reduce the amount, and that the penalties to be exacted should not be confined to economic measures.

Meanwhile, the laughing little Principality of Monaco, the only untaxed country in the world, has opened her arms to us this week—opening her arms, too, to her hereditary Prince and to his adopted daughter, the young Duchesse de Valentinois and the Duc de Valentinois, her husband, who have brought their baby, the little Princesse Antoinette, to be christened in the old cathedral, where Prince Albert (of Monaco) and the Marquise de Polignac will be the god-parents. Those of us who were here last year for the wedding of the young couple are hoping for more torchlight processions, and processions of illuminated boats and barges, and fireworks, and battles of flowers, and firing of guns, and pealing of bells, and all the joy and revelry that for a day and a night threw us straight into the heart of a Dumas romance. Shall we ever forget the unparalleled glory of the little harbour of Monte Carlo, her still waters reflecting a million coloured lights from old Monaco, her myriad little ships illuminated with red, green, blue, and orange, flitting like fireflies in elaborate figures beneath the old palace gardens? Shall we ever forget the serenades, and the marching troops, and the bonfires, and the riot of colour and fragrance and sound? Surely the child born of such a festival must be fortunate beyond compare—the little heiress of so much beauty worthy of the gayest christening that ever yet has been!



DAUGHTER OF THE PRINCE OF WALES'S SCOTTISH HOSTESS: THE HON. OLIVE CAMPBELL.

The Hon. Olive Campbell is the only daughter of Lord and Lady Blythwood, who entertained the Prince of Wales during his recent visit to Glasgow.

*Photograph by Lafayette.*



MARRIED TO CAPTAIN WALTER BRAY LAST WEEK: MISS ZINADA DESSINO.

The marriage of Captain Walter Bray and Miss Zinada Dessino, daughter of General C. N. Dessino, K.C.M.G., took place at the Russian Chapel in Welbeck Street last week. The bride, who was given away by her father, the distinguished Russian General, wore a dress of white *crêpe-de-Chine*, and carried a bouquet of carnation and lilies-of-the-valley.

*Photograph by Elliott and Fry.*

Anyhow, I have given the Casino all my month's dress allowance in one night. I have helped, therefore, to pay for all this, and shall celebrate the occasion in my own way; and as a thank-offering for the sunshine and the flowers and the asparagus, I shall wish the little mite lifelong happiness and love, and enough money to keep this merriest of all Principalities for ever free of the ills and taxes that larger countries are heir to. And I shall shout with the multitude on Saturday, and sing "Rule Britannia" to the tune of the Monegasque Hymn, hoping not to disturb the peace of Europe by raising a *casus belli*.

IRREPRESSIBLE JANE.



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## FROM THE READER'S POINT OF VIEW.

By W. DOUGLAS NEWTON.



"THE WALL" is a strange and yet irresistible book. In it Mr. John Cournoos does no more than set down the wandering stream of petty events that make that decisive thing, life. His John Gombarov, plucked from the serene birch woods of Russia and replanted amid moral conditions that are like "sitting quietly as possible in a dentist's chair and having your teeth pulled"—that is, in the civilisation of Philadelphia—is a less vital "Jean Christophe." He is timid and introspective, and some of his soul disturbances are so petty as to be trivial.

Some of them, on the other hand, are so profound as to be tremendous. And this is where the book's power and its quite startling kinship to life come in. Life is both trivial and tremendous, and John Gombarov is really a representative human creature of deep and yet shy individuality walled about by the petty. He starts his drift among a group of vivid young Jews who talk much and accomplish little. They are under the cloak of Malkin, a sort of gramophone record of the more spiteful side of Whistler, who prefers painting omelettes to sunsets, who talks loftily on art, acts meanly in love, and ends on a scaffold-platform painting advertisements on the sides of buildings.

But he and his group of clever lip-rebels plant the seed of discontent in the slow and simple brain of Gombarov. He who has supported a redundant family and a step-father of high philosophy and a settled instinct against work since he was eleven now finds the burden irksome. He adventures out, in his shy way, to break down the wall that hems him, and his adventures lead him through the jungles of hack journalism, some quite brilliant thinking, frivolously determined art circles, and a number of love episodes.

Gombarov's reticent soul had not the quality to command triumph with the American girl, who likes to be "bossed," and yet treats her young men according to the ancient prescription of Circe. He has rudderless affairs with Marianne, who has beauty and a repressed, puritanical mind; Muriel, who is an elf-girl; Judith, who terrifies him with the flame of her passion; and Winifred Gwynne, who is like Da Vinci's portrait of Beatrice D'Este, who is strange and exquisite, who has a mother who kisses a prospective son-in-law too fondly, and who is a prey to the modern fretfulness. Through all these episodes Gombarov, consistently and astonishingly well drawn, wanders, sometimes amazing one with a flash of splendid thinking or exquisite beauty—sometimes, it is true, making one yawn—but always giving one a sense of actuality.

Getting into the first chapter of Mr. Otwell Binns's "A Hazard of the Snows" is like getting into a non-stop train. Once you are comfortable and seated, there is no possible hope of getting away from it. Mr. Binns has the neat, on-sweeping manner, lubricated with the oil of a dry humour. He wastes no time. Right away you meet the large grasping villain, Mr. Appleyard, the exquisite and ruthless Major Andover, and that complex

kind of will that means a young and attractive man has got to be put out of the way some time in the story. Then Mr. Binns swings one along to the Great White Silence of Canada. Why Canada? What more natural? Betty of the brown and vivacious eyes, the quite jolly and loyal Betty, has her home there; also in the grim hardships of those Arctic levels. Neil Musgrave, with the too easy

mouth but the strong chin outline, can best conquer the craving for drugs that Maurice Endicott, who plays Falstaff's page to Andover's villainies, and loves Betty, had introduced into his system.

Neil arrives at the Yukon, and immediately knocks out Ginger Bob in a brisk saloon fight. Ginger Bob becomes his sworn enemy; but, at the same time, he wins a wise partner in McGuire. McGuire and he go prospecting; they find gold, but Neil also discovers the difficulty of keeping the drug fiend in control. He strikes south to Regina, joins the "Mounties," and, as a policeman, takes a cure of discipline. Then he goes up to the great snow wastes again to catch Ginger Bob, who is running whisky to the Indians. Ginger Bob is joined by Neil's other enemies, Andover and Endicott. Betty, learning of the plots of the latter, also goes North, and there the great and stirring game of life and death is played out.

The unexpected and striking hero of Mr. Moore Ritchie's "A Woman of the Desert" is a Somali. He is a soul of fierce religious pride and sharp, keen wits. With a flame of passion he springs from nothing, shatters the enemies of his dying tribe, recreates its greatness, and carries off with both his arms and his ardour the strange, softly cruel woman Faduma.

Mr. Moore Ritchie creates an authentic and a glowing atmosphere. One is burnt by his desert suns, and hears his camels groaning for water in that far, dim place over against the Italian and Abyssinian borders. One becomes an intimate of the cunning, the garrulous, and the violent Somali, particularly of Abraham Mursaal, in his ambitions, his volcanic love emotions, his religious visions, and his fanatic madness which leads him to turn Mahdi and lead a holy war against the white Unbelievers—an impulse not without aid from an unobtrusive Swedish gentleman, who knew so much about the Somali and liked to meet them secretly.

It is a rambling story, but one which gives a fine sense of freshness. Mr. Ritchie knows his subject well, and can warm one with his pictures, his characters, and his humour, particularly when dealing with the Colonial Service, which seems to be made up of incompetents, except for a few totally unappreciated and unrecognised Shadd. Shadd

is a little man with a big brain and no decorations who does pioneer things.



THE WIFE OF THE NEW COUNSELLOR TO THE FRENCH EMBASSY: MME. DE MONTILLE.

Mme. de Montille is the wife of M. de Montille, the new Counsellor to the French Embassy in London. This is her latest portrait.

Photograph by Bassano.



WITH PETER HOBHOUSE THOMAS: MRS. R. H. THOMAS.

Our photograph shows Mrs. R. H. Thomas, of Beyton House, Bury St. Edmunds, with her son, Peter Hobhouse Thomas, now aged sixteen months.—[Photograph by H. I. Jarman.]

The Wall. By John Cournoos. (Methuen; 8s. 6d.)

A Hazard of the Snows. By Otwell Binns. (Ward Lock; 7s.)

A Woman of the Desert. By Moore Ritchie. (Melrose; 8s. 6d.)



## At Stratton Audley: A 'Varsity Grind.



SADDLING MCCARTHY: MR. M. HORNBY, WHO RODE MR. E. HOLLAND - MARTIN'S HORSE.



AFTER WINNING THE 'VARSITY GRAND CHALLENGE CUP: MR. R. T. DIBBEN UNSADDLING.



SADDLING ROCKETTE: MR. E. HOLLAND - MARTIN, SECOND IN THE 'VARSITY GRAND CHALLENGE CUP.



THE JUDGE AND HIS WIFE: SIR ALGERNON AND LADY PEYTON.



TWO WELL-KNOWN WOMEN GOLFERS WATCHING THE RACING; MISS CECIL LEITCH AND MRS. R. CRUISE.

Showery weather was the order of the day at the Oxford University Point-to-Point Steeplechases at Stratton Audley. Our photographs show some of the competitors and spectators. Mr. R. T. Dibben won the Varsity Grand Challenge Cup with The Imp, from Mr. E. Holland-Martin on Rockette; and Mr. M. Hornby rode Mr. E. Holland-Martin's

McCarthy in the same race. Miss Cecil Leitch and Mrs. R. Cruise, two of our best-known women golfers, were among the spectators. Sir Algernon Peyton was the judge, and Colonel J. P. Heywood Lonsdale, M.F.H.; Captain M. C. Burrows; Messrs. J. B. Leigh; D. Faber, M.C.; St. J. Hornby; R. D. D. Renton; and C. W. Bennett, the Stewards.

Photographs by S. and G.





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Mr. S. F. EDGE, in "The Auto," Dec. 23rd, 1920.

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Wales: W. Watson & Co., 6-14, Renshaw Street, Liverpool. Norfolk and Suffolk: Mann, Egerton & Co., Ltd., 5, Prince of Wales Road, Norwich. Yorkshire (West Riding): Rippon Bros., St. John's Road, Huddersfield. South Wales: Tom Norton, Ltd., 14-16, Charles Street, Cardiff. Ireland: J. B. Ferguson, Ltd., Chichester Street, Belfast. Scotland: The Clyde Automobile Co., Ltd., 66, Renshaw Street, Glasgow. The following firms are appointed as retailers of Rolls-Royce cars:—Messrs. Barker & Co. (Coachbuilders), Ltd., 66-68, South Andley Street, London, W. Messrs. Hooper & Co. (Coachbuilders), Ltd., 54, St. James's Street, London, S.W.1.

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On its Perch: The Airy  
Spirit of the Aldwych.



AS ARIEL IN "THE TEMPEST": MISS WINIFRED BARNES  
CLAWED AND WINGED.

Miss Winifred Barnes wore some fantastically charming and original dresses to fly across the stage and sing her Shakespearean ditties as Ariel, the airy spirit, in the Aldwych production of "The Tempest," which came to an end on Saturday, March 12. Our page shows one costume and its head-dress in detail, as well as the fascinating metallic head-dress which was a feature of another costume. Some of Miss Barnes' dresses were designed by Miss Viola Tree, who was responsible for the production.—[Portrait-Studies by Bertram Park.]





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WE live—it is the pride of primary school-teachers—in an age of geography. The recent activities of a number of young persons of military age have managed to bend all the frontiers on the map into new shapes. The Prime Minister of England has boasted publicly of his knowledge of the whereabouts of a place called Teschen. And several people in the Foreign Office weally *do* know the wight way to Wome and Bwindisi, and all those other *fearfully* dinky little places where they talk Dago.

Yet we know surprisingly little about the places that lie nearest to our hands (and feet). No. This is not going to turn under your horrified gaze into an insidious piece of propaganda for the Unequalled Resorts adjacent (and proximate) to the London and South Northern Railway—"see your own country first," and all that. Not at all.

Not for us, so long as the franc remains sky-high and rutilant among the stars, not, we repeat, for us the mellow fascinations of the British Spa—the familiar railway platform, the drive by "fly" to the still more familiar hotel, and its beef, its aqueous cabbage, its perpetual denizens. No. Oh, dear no. We know quite enough, most of us, about the holiday attractions of our own country to go away from it whenever we can afford to. Our ignorance is a more Metropolitan affair. Because we Londoners (and we are all Londoners now, except a few people in Yorkshire) are deplorably ill-informed about our own, our native heath. Again, no. This ill-digested *causerie* is not on the point of turning into a little gem of prose about London's Beauty Spots.

Not a bit of it. One isn't in the least out to tell you all about the Tower of London and the Ball of St. Paul's, and the Palais de Danse, Hammersmith. Oh, no. Not for me the *recherché* little prose-poem on the vistas in the Temple or the barges off Chelsea. We know all about that, whenever the editor of an evening paper runs short of copy and lets the proprietor's relations loose on his

literary page. Our real ignorance is about our suburbs. And our suburbs, dislike and deny it as we may, make up London. Tooting, you say. And Brixton. You know all about *them*, do you? Well, that just shows how out of date you are. What about Forest Hill and Kensal Rise and . . . oo, lots and lots of places which you regard as mere tram-termini in the middle distance?

The truth is that the Londoner is lamentably provincial. So is the Parisian. The one knows his Bois and half-a-mile round the Opéra, whilst the other thinks that he is going abroad the moment that the bonnet of his motor-omnibus thrusts fifteen hundred yards away from Piccadilly Circus. Odd thing, really, the way that the great name of London has been usurped by a few square feet of traffic and jewellers' shops in the neighbourhood of the London Pavilion. But it is so. And that is the trouble that might be remedied by the spread of better information about those suburbs which are always (owing to the efforts of Lord Ashfield) with us.

There appears to be an undoubted quiescence nowadays in the world of exploration. The pith helmet hangs neglected on its peg. The furry trousers of the Arcticists (why not, please, Mr. Wyndham Lewis?) have all been borrowed by Red Jake of the Universal Film Company. So the Intrepid Discoverer might do worse than get back once again into the Press-cuttings by fitting out a great Suburban Exploration Expedition. Starting, of course, from the Strand Palace Hotel, which lies at the centre of our civilisation, to the usual accompaniment of cheers, tears, and clicking time-exposures. The gallant band might then forge northward through the eternal snows, past Elburz and Islington and Kilimanjaro, along the old trade route of the Essex Road, to the *cache* left by an ill-fated earlier expedition at Dalston Junction. And so on and on, until they could establish an observatory on Stamford Hill. The same method might with advantage be applied to all the suburbs. The natives would appreciate it all the way round the points of the compass, and we should learn lots and lots that we never knew before.



WHAT THE FAMILY PORTRAITS THOUGHT OF MODERN MANNERS: "UNINVITED GUESTS," A SOCIAL SATIRE  
BY MISS MOLLY CAMPBELL.

"Uninvited Guests" is the title of this etching by Miss Molly Campbell. It shows the prostration to which the sight of modern dancing reduced the ancestors who stepped down from the family

portrait gallery to have a look at the ball. It was recently shown at the Exhibition of the Royal Society of Painter-Etchers and Engravers.—[From the Etching by Miss Molly Campbell.]





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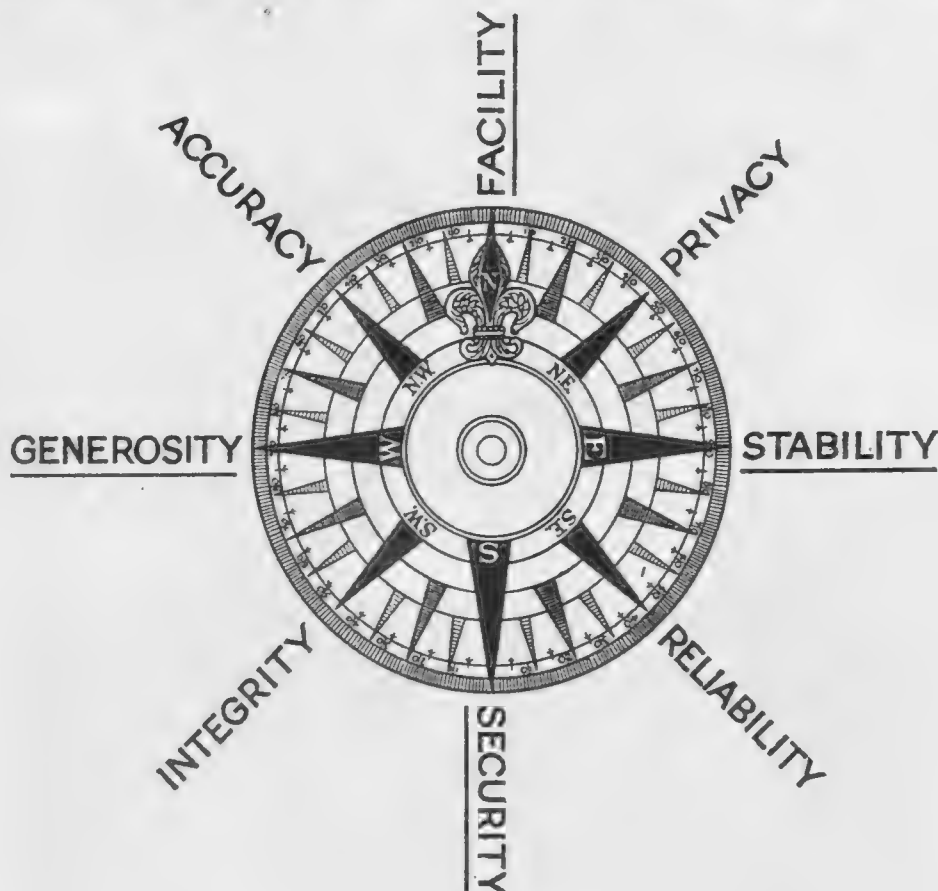
MOTHER (*angrily*): Peter!—Peter!!

THE VOICE FROM THE DEPTHS: I *shan't* answer you!

DRAWN BY BERT THOMAS.



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## ON THE LINKS

By HENRY LEACH.

### Return to Practice.

Each year, soon after the crocuses have given the signal of spring, there is a sudden outburst among the golfers of intensive concentration on special practical points. This year, the preceding politics have been specially severe, and the practical turn that is now following has at once become acute. It is not as a mere matter of stunting that each season the golfing mind in the aggregate, as it directs itself to these practical affairs of strokes and how to make them, takes up one more or less novel point for special consideration, and so once more now. In recent years there has evidently been an increasing disposition to criticise the gods. There is scarcely an old principle of play, however sacred, that has not been questioned in recent times, and in some cases partially abandoned as the result. After all, there is, or should be, little real dogma in golf. Some rules are better for majorities than others, but in few respects is there an absolutely right and absolutely wrong way of doing anything in this game. One used to think until recently that at least there was one law that could never be ignored without results fatal to the success of the stroke, that being, of course, the injunction upon keeping the eye upon the ball; but now I have encountered a player, and a good one, who tells me that he always fixes his gaze on a point some two inches in front of the ball—this for all his shots. He adopted this method as a cure for a strong tendency to dig at and sky the ball, getting too much under it, as we say, and also to promote follow-through. It needed much practice to become accustomed to this method at first, but the man is now bound by it and likes it. Yet it is hardly to be recommended even to others who dig and sky, and do not follow through; it only shows that we can rid ourselves of nearly every rule.

### May You Move Your Head?

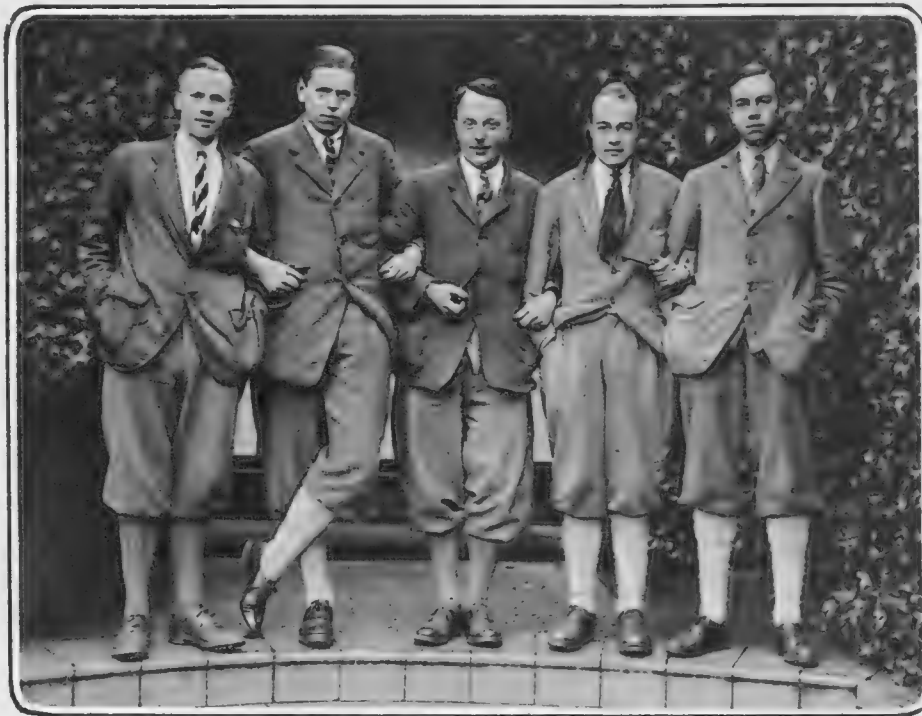
The chief point in practice for discussion at this opening season belongs to the same family, and again the arguments smack of heresy. People are saying that it is not nearly so necessary to keep the head still during the stroke as has been imagined from the days of the Stuart Kings down to the present time, and some are bold enough to assert that it is not necessary to keep it still at all. But a warning needs to be urged against such new teaching. One of the leading iconoclasts of the time is Abe Mitchell, who in these days often asserts his own originality and his disbelief in old dogmas. In this he may do well; but he and many others, a season or two back, in the debate on the follow-through—which they were inclined to regard as unnecessary, if not even positively harmful—missed the chief point, which is that the follow-through may be nothing in itself, but its merit is its indication that all previous movements up to

the impact were harmonious and good. When they are so, the follow-through comes naturally and sweetly. When they are not, there is no follow-through. Hence the follow-through signifies the good stroke, even though it is the effect and not the cause. These are points to be watchful of in the attacks upon old principles. It seems that the full meaning of the rule about keeping the head still is not understood by everybody, and here, now, are various players suggesting that the idea has been exaggerated. Mitchell says he likes to teach his pupils how to make a good wide sweep in the back-swing, and when the head is held with the stiffness of a poker it cannot be done. He wants more freedom. He says that with a still head the body is given too much to bending at the waist, and with such a movement the swing and the entire position of the player is not one of freedom. This is well enough—it is sincere and it seems sense; but such as Mitchell need to be reminded of their own splendid virtues, and how the common people are hindered by not possessing such.

### Instinct and Effort.

In the great majority of cases, players of the skill of Mitchell, and even those far below such a lofty level, have from their youngest days been possessed so thoroughly of the instinct, the real instinct, of keeping the head still, that it has always been done without the slightest effort, or even the faintest consciousness. Even in this state it may be easy to imagine that they really do no such thing, but that, instead, they exercise a fair measure of freedom. However, in such case, the minutest change from absolute rigidity, such has been the complete insistence of their instinct in the past, feels like a considerable sway, even though really so slight as to make practically no

difference. But care should be taken in advising or suggesting head movement. These champions undoubtedly owe much of their great game to certain rigidities such as this, which have become instincts; and one whose business it has been to receive piteous complaints and petitions from harassed players much off their game, and to know how the professionals and others have put them right, has no doubt whatever that at least half the golf faults and failures originate in a more or less slight swaying, which in turn is due chiefly to not keeping the head still; and that any man who could for the future always keep his head so still, with the sublime stillness of the champions, would for certain improve his game. This, indeed, is the most valuable general hint for improvement that exists, and a splendid thing to consider and profit by at the beginning of a season. The still head induces perfect co-ordination of muscular movements, rhythm, and proper timing. The very best recommendation for a new season is involved in this good principle.



TO TOUR THE U.S.A. IN A SERIES OF MATCHES: CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY GOLFERS.

Our page shows Cambridge University golfers who are to tour the United States in a series of matches. The names, reading from left to right, are: Mr. J. A. Bott; Mr. J. Walker; Mr. G. N. P. Humphries; Mr. C. H. Prowse; and Mr. N. E. Le Bas.—[Photograph by S. and G.]



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## THROUGH A GLASS LIGHTLY.

**T**IME is money. Time flies. And the more money you have, the faster flies Time.

It was a kind-hearted old lady of the suburbs who wept with indignation when she heard that the people next door were getting a pergola for the garden. She inquired bitterly whether they intended to buy a lot of expensive wire-netting or clip the poor bird's wings.

The other day, somewhere in the inner wilds of Chelsea, a number of young ragamuffins were playing at soldiers in a back street. Under the instruction of a senior sergeant-major (aged 10) they were being put through "bayonet fighting." Lunge, thrust, point, jab, and pull—all were being practised with the aid of improvised rifles and bayonets made of discarded and broken broom-sticks. But not to the satisfaction of the young sergeant-major, who finally stepped forward and said: "Nah then, yer lot of half-hearted lunatics. Yer couldn't kill a bloomin' rabbit like that. Put some vim into it. Watch me, and I'll show yer how they did it in the real war."

And he did!

A job "in hand" is worth two "in the book."

A celebrated actor is at present in the throes of an awkward quandary. He doesn't quite know whether a certain person thinks that he is the worst actor ever known, or whether his acting is so good that the certain person believes that the actor's real self was the one portrayed on the stage. In fact he—but this is what happened. The actor had been accustomed to dine regularly at the same restaurant, every evening, before the show. The head waiter, who had a profound admiration for the actor—he even confided that he had tried the Stage himself, for a time—always insisted on attending personally to the wants of the actor. He would never allow any junior to approach the table. During dinner, they frequently discussed histrionics in thoroughly highbrow fashion. Then, one evening, the head waiter hinted that he had never seen his beloved patron act. Of course the outcome of such a hint was that the head waiter, complete with wife, sat the following evening through the performance, wherein his friend the actor played the part of a most uncompromising villain. He did, on the stage, what the wickedest blackguard would not do in real life. On the following evening, the actor was served at dinner by an understrapper of a waiter, who wore a more sinister grin through every course. The actor noticed that the "head" kept well in the background. It seemed strange that he didn't come forward and say "thank you," or something. That was five weeks ago. The actor has dined at the



LEAVING ST. MARGARET'S, WESTMINSTER: LADY JOAN MULHOLLAND, WHO REPRESENTED PRINCESS MARY AT THE CHRISTENING.

Lady Joan Mulholland represented Princess Mary, who was godmother to the infant son of Sir Victor and Lady Warrender. Our photograph shows her leaving the church after the ceremony.—Our other snapshot pictures Lady Maud Warrender arriving at St. Margaret's, for the christening of her infant grandson, which was an important social event of last week.

Photographs by I.B.

ARRIVING FOR HER GRANDSON'S CHRISTENING: LADY MAUD WARRENDER, THE MOTHER OF SIR VICTOR WARRENDER, BT.



PRINCESS MARY'S GODSON: JOHN ROBERT WARRENDER AND HIS PARENTS, SIR VICTOR AND LADY WARRENDER.

The infant son of Sir Victor and Lady Warrender, who was christened at St. Margaret's, Westminster, received the names of John Robert. His godmothers were Princess Mary, represented by Lady Joan Mulholland, and the Hon. Doris Harcourt, represented by her sister, the Hon. Olivia Harcourt; and his godfathers, Earl Winterton, M.P., Sir Robert Horne, and Sir Godfrey Thomas, who was represented by Sir Victor Warrender. The infant wore a christening robe which had once belonged to Louisa Duchess of Abercorn, and had been worn by Lady Maud Warrender at her christening.—[Photograph by S. and G.]

same place every evening since then, but never so much as a nod or a glance from the head waiter. It's enough to make anyone think!

Never discuss "heart" with a woman who is not in love, and never speak of "mind" to a woman who is in love.

A woman of 12 st. 8 ozs.  
Wears dear little bells on her  
floss;  
Most sweet is the sound  
As she waltzes around;  
But what must it be when  
she bozs!

A friend of mine happened to find himself in a position of considerable difficulty. He was in a fearful state of perturbation; for he was a married man, and—well, married men have wives who frequently do not look upon things from the same point of view as do their husbands. "Can't you explain it away?" I asked. "Oh, yes, I can explain it away all right," said the unhappy man; "but the trouble is that I can't explain it at home!"

Spinsters and bachelors will tell you that the state they like best is their present state. Don't believe them—any more than you would believe married people who always say exactly the same thing.

Nearly every pretty woman I know persists in wearing chinchilla in order to keep her chin warmer.

A nigger, waking up one fine Monday morning, realised that he was in a prison cell, and gradually it dawned upon him that this was his last day, for that morning he was to pay the great penalty for a heinous crime. But, as is the way with negro criminals, he resigned himself to his fate, rolled a cigarette, smoked it, and patiently awaited the coming of the parson, who arrived a few minutes before eight o'clock. The parson said, "Now, my son, you have only a few minutes left. It is eight o'clock on Monday morning. Have you anything to say?" The nigger gazed wonderingly at the parson, and then declared: "Wal, Mister Pastor, you say dat dis 'ere is Monday morning, an' Ah jeth got a few minutes left. All Ah want to say, Mister Parson, is dat dis ain't much of a way to begin de coming week!"

Nothing in the English language is more singular than some of the plurals. SPFX.

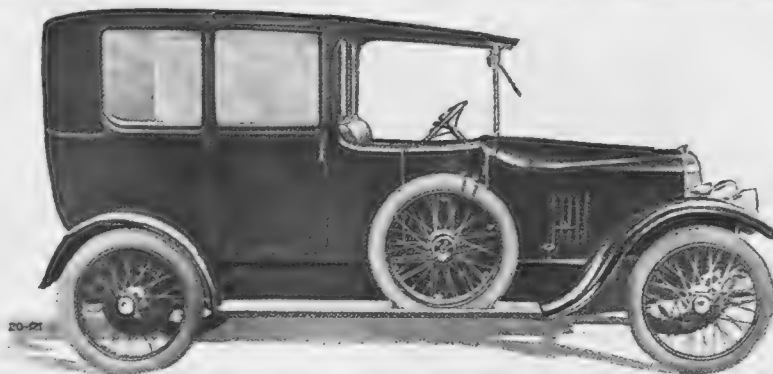
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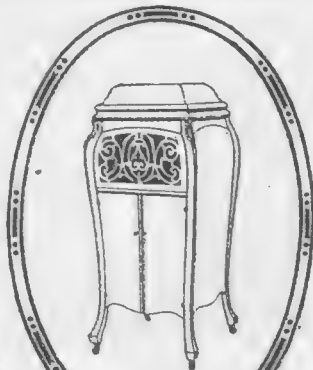
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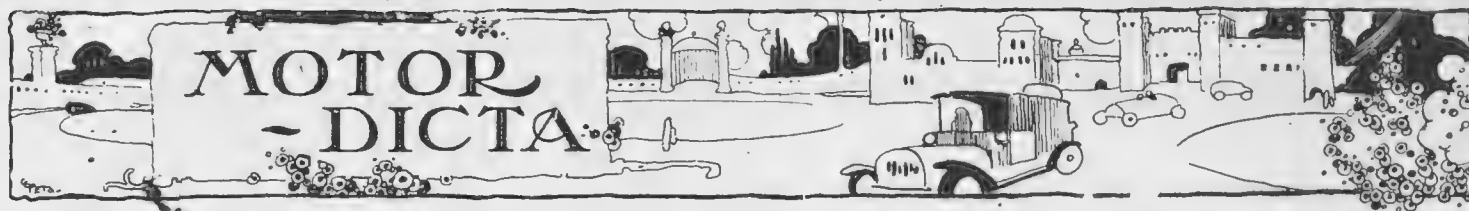
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of a Perfect Evening*







## MONTE CARLO MOTOR RECORDS: THE AWAKENING OF AUTOMOBILISM. By GERALD BISS.

THIS year there has been a colossal Riviera boom, principally, I fancy, because Monte and other sunny spots in its vicinity are splendid places in which to forget the worries at home; and with it, of course, there has been quite an automobile epidemic down South. In this connection I see that last week M. André Dubonnet had a successful cut at the Paris-to-Nice record set up last year by M. Delage upon one of his first post-war models. M. Dubonnet drove a six-cylinder Hispano-Suiza, which is unquestionably one of the really great post-war models, and beat M. Delage's record of 14 hr. 50 min. by nearly two hours, doing the journey in 12 hr. 55 min., and averaging over 45 miles an hour for the whole distance—a very big feat indeed. These all-out journeys, to my mind, are vastly unpleasant, although they may be good advertisements and prove the wonderful reliability of a car. And there is little fun and much discomfort to be obtained by sitting still for hours, whilst you blind on mile after mile at racing speed. I wonder if this latest record will be allowed to stand unchallenged, or whether M. Dubonnet's feat will start a fresh epidemic of Monte Carlo records, which had such a vogue some fourteen or fifteen years ago, till the R.A.C. had to step in, because it was doing motoring as a movement no good, to say the least of it. At this time of the year Paris to Monte or Nice can be done within the hours of daylight, which makes it a much easier job than from London to Monte even later on in the year, as that necessitates travelling by night, which is either more dangerous or else necessarily considerably slower. I forget the exact London to Monte record—somewhere about twenty-four hours, I think—and, of course, none of them were or are official, as neither the R.A.C. nor the French A.C. can recognise, organise, or officiate at such wild orgies of road-hogging; but it is obvious that with the present-day engine and present-day head-lights, to say nothing of spare wheels and other modern aids to uninterrupted locomotion, a pretty good lump could be lopped off, I wonder if some giddy sportsman will be encouraged to have a cut at it? And I wonder how M. Dubonnet found the roads, and whether they had a tonic effect upon his liver?

### America Un-Slumping.

The premature approach of spring (when young men's thoughts—and young women's, too—lightly turn to thoughts of handicaps) and such an early Easter are rumoured to be having a somewhat inspiring effect upon the dour automobile situation, and even enticing coy buyers with intent to purchase into various auto-emporia, whose front steps have not needed cleaning for many a month; and the average motor merchant, after what he has gone through, is easily elevated, like a man who has been on the water-wagon for a protracted period. It only wants a more comfortable feeling of security outside the motor industry itself to get things going again, though naturally 1921 will be a pretty lean year all round; but, as soon as one thing seems to right itself, something else goes agley, and the auto always suffers, being a sort

of barometer of all-round prosperity. However, things in America appear to be on the up-grade, and one of my friendly correspondents writes me that, millions or no millions, Jews or no Jews, "Poppa" Ford is popping up again in Detroit, and popping good and strong with orders for 79,000 Lizzies for March. I like the careful exactitude of that 79,000, revealing that well-known disinclination on the part of the George-Washingtonian Yank to sacrifice the truth for one duck, or one automobile; but, as that was written on Feb. 23, it is quite possible that it has reached 80,000 by now. Anyhow, it means 40,000 men back in work, and hands are being re-hired as fast as they can be placed. The slump started in Yankeedoodledom, so let us hope this return to normal will also spread East across the Herring Pond with the same rapidity as the slump. "The motor industry over here," writes another correspondent from over there, "is quite hysterical. For twenty-five years it has received more favourable publicity and wet-nursing than any other industry, except possibly that of the motion pictures; and a slump such as that which started last August was a harder shock to the motor people than

to other industries, which have had many ups and downs in their time. However, things are looking brighter, and within the next three months I believe that something like normal conditions will be resumed, without, however the tremendous expansion which followed the war. I think," he concludes, "that it will prove a good thing in the end." Here, too, in all probability; but it is very trying while it lasts, isn't it? Meanwhile, one giddy optimist over there is out-Roystering Rolls and putting out a new twelve-cylinder proposition yclept the Heinze-Velox, at the modest chassis price of 17,000—25,000 dollars—according, I presume, to the size and quality of jewels in every hole.



ENOUGH TO STOP A CAR—AND BOREDOM: FORTUNELLO AND CIRILLINO, THE HAPPY HOOLIGANS, IN "THE LEAGUE OF NOTIONS."

Fortunello and Cirillino, the Happy Hooligans, who appear at the New Oxford in "The League of Notions," in their remarkable and amusing acrobatic stunts, are, as this photograph shows, enough to stop any car! They can also be guaranteed to stop any depression or boredom on the part of the audience, by the skill and comicality of their tricks. They are an enormous success.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.

"A.C." light car. I wrote back to him that I was not in the least surprised, as I had been expecting his return to the fold ever since he became eligible under his Napier agreement eighteen months ago; nor did the "A.C." surprise me either, as for the last year or two he has almost weekly hymned its praises in the "Yellow Cover," and shown his warm admiration for this high-class small model, made down at Thames Ditton both as a four- and a six-cylinder—the latter ever "S.F.'s" ideal, and now incorporated in this 11.6-h.p. light car at a reasonable price, as things go. In returning to his "muttons" Mr. Edge does not propose to forsake his prodigal herds of swine on the Sussex downs, but to combine agriculture, his later love, with automobilism, his last but one, if not actually his first, in a progressive and purely platonic series. He believes that the light car will eat up a large proportion of the private-car trade of the future—at least a half; and, looking at it from the financial point of view, I am very much inclined to agree with him. The near future does not look like a time of unlimited loose cash and regardless expenditure.

Back to the - Mr. S. F.  
Auto Again, E d g e  
"S. F." writes me  
that I

shall be surprised that he is returning to an active part in the motor industry in connection with the

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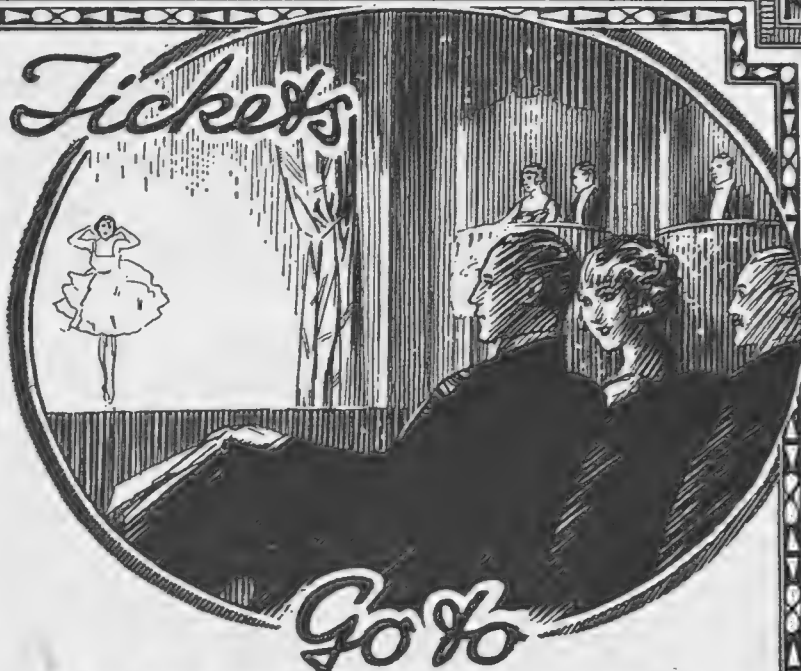
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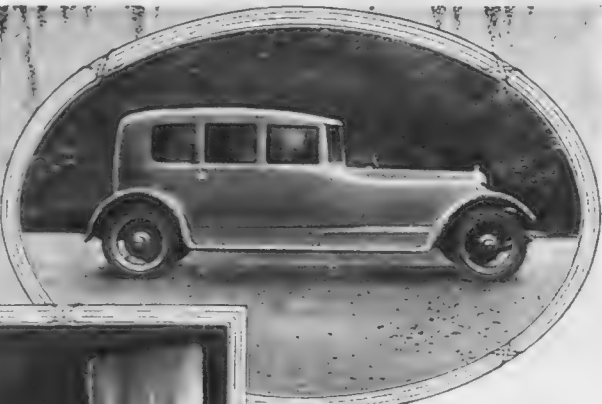
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# VOGUES & VANITIES

By CARMEN of COCKAYNE



**Like the Brook.** Sergeant-majors—or is it old soldiers?—never die, and the blouse seems to be imbued with the same unconquerable vitality. Goodness knows how often it has been said during the last few years that blouses were “down and out.” The jumper craze certainly lent colour to the theory, but it was only a theory. No dress house ever pleaded guilty to “having no blouses in stock, Moddom.” The haughtiest assistant never got further than raising her eyebrows when a blouse was asked for and jumpers passed over. There are still people who don’t know what it feels like to be inside a jumper. They are rare, but they do exist, and now they are feeling less like outcasts from fashion than they have ever felt during the last few years, for blouses are rearing aloft their collars once more, and the days of the “shirt waist” are not numbered—in fact, everything points to a definite spell of liveliness in the blouse section of the dress world.

**As They Were.** The origin of the blouse is lost in antiquity, but it alone of all the items in a woman’s wardrobe remains practically the same through the changing season. Sleeves go up and sleeves go down, and collars may rise or fall, but the main body of a blouse remains much the same; and with the jumper it shares the distinction of being the most comfortable and adaptable garment that fashion has ever given to the world. Because both the jumper and the blouse are amongst the things a well-dressed woman can wear, Ella Fulton has sketched examples of both on this page. The originals can be seen at Walpole Brothers, 89 and 90, New Bond Street, W., where the most critical and exacting wearer can rely on having her requirements met in the most satisfactory possible way.



*Illustrating a new type of jumper. The material is lemon-coloured crêpe-de-Chine. The girdle is greenish-blue ribbon. For adornment there are lines of drawn-thread work.*

fully recognised that utility is not necessarily divorced from anything that presents a pleasing exterior. So you get simplicity expressed in terms of white or pink georgette and real filet lace, and, as both wash well, your practical woman can’t complain that her tastes are not studied. But georgette is not obligatory. Plenty of people prefer crêpe-de-Chine, especially if it happens, as in the blouse illustrated, to be of a particularly rich quality that can be relied on to come up smiling, so to speak, from the wash-tubs. In the model illustrated the collar and cuffs are pale pink, and so is the loosely knotted tie; but blue or mauve or lemon facings are also available, so you see that the authorities at 89 and 90, New Bond Street take a wide view of their responsibilities as providers of the perfect blouse.

## What Do You Like?

Practical considerations are never sacrificed to mere appearance; on the other hand, it is

**British Silk.** If you believe all you read, you have no doubt come to the conclusion that British industry is in a bad way. This, of course, isn’t the place to deal with out-of-work statistics and the evils of the unemployment benefit. But it is cheering to find that such a thing as British silk exists. Still more cheering is it to know that Walpole Brothers use it for shirts that are ideal companions for a tailored suit, as well as a blessing to the athletic girl who appreciates the comfort provided by a garment that neither catches her round the arm just as she is hoping to make the drive of her life at golf, nor displays a tendency to rise above her skirt-band when she is putting in some particularly strenuous over-hand serves on the tennis court. The fact that these shirts are extremely moderate in price adds a good deal to their charm. Dressing, good dressing—never an easy nor a cheap business at the best of times—is doubly difficult just now, so that shirts that look smart and cost much less than their appearance suggests are a dress item well worth knowing about.



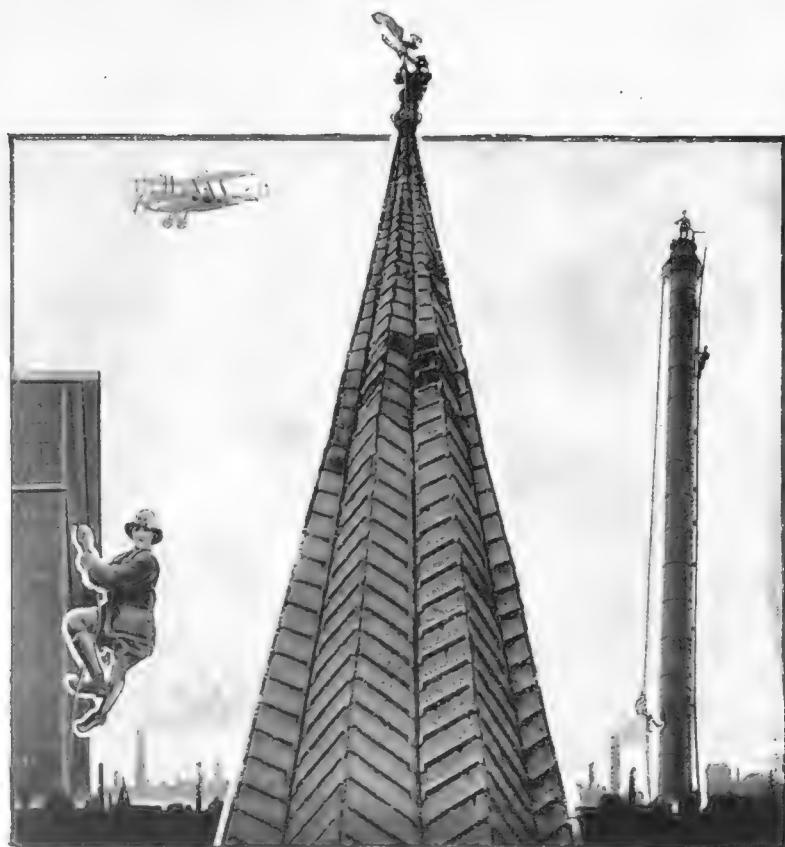
*Pink georgette decorated with real filet lace makes an attractive blouse.*

**About Collars.** Collars, as has already been mentioned, are on the upward grade. How some women, after years of freedom, can submit to a five-inch band, or something approaching that height, round their necks is a mystery it is beyond my power to explain. That they do put up with the infliction of a stroll along Bond Street or Piccadilly—where collars were born, by the way—will very quickly show. But the high collars attached to some of the tailored shirts described above are quite soft. Besides, the actual fastening is not uncomfortably high, though the necessary altitude is arrived at by means of a circular frill of white lawn outlined with black picot. “Frill,” perhaps, conveys a wrong impression; it is rather a strip of lawn cut on the cross and sewn plain along the top of the collar to provide a spring-like touch as well as a becoming finish. Not that a soaring collar is a necessity. Many of the shirts show square-cut turn-overs, striped silk being used for the latter, the shirt itself being plain. Or, instead of the square, the collar may be of the roll variety; and, if your taste does not incline to stripes, there is no need to do violence to your feelings, because primrose or plain collars are both to be had. Fashion, you see, has



*Illustrating the beauty of a blouse in thick crêpe-de-Chine with a pale pink collar and tie.*

“no use” for coercive methods, but believes in doing everything by kindness; and women show their love of freedom in fashion as well as in weightier matters. Gone is the day, we hope for ever, when there was only one kind of silhouette to be cultivated, regardless of the fact as to whether you were fat or thin, short or tall. Now we can choose the style which suits us best, and consequently we are happier and better looking.



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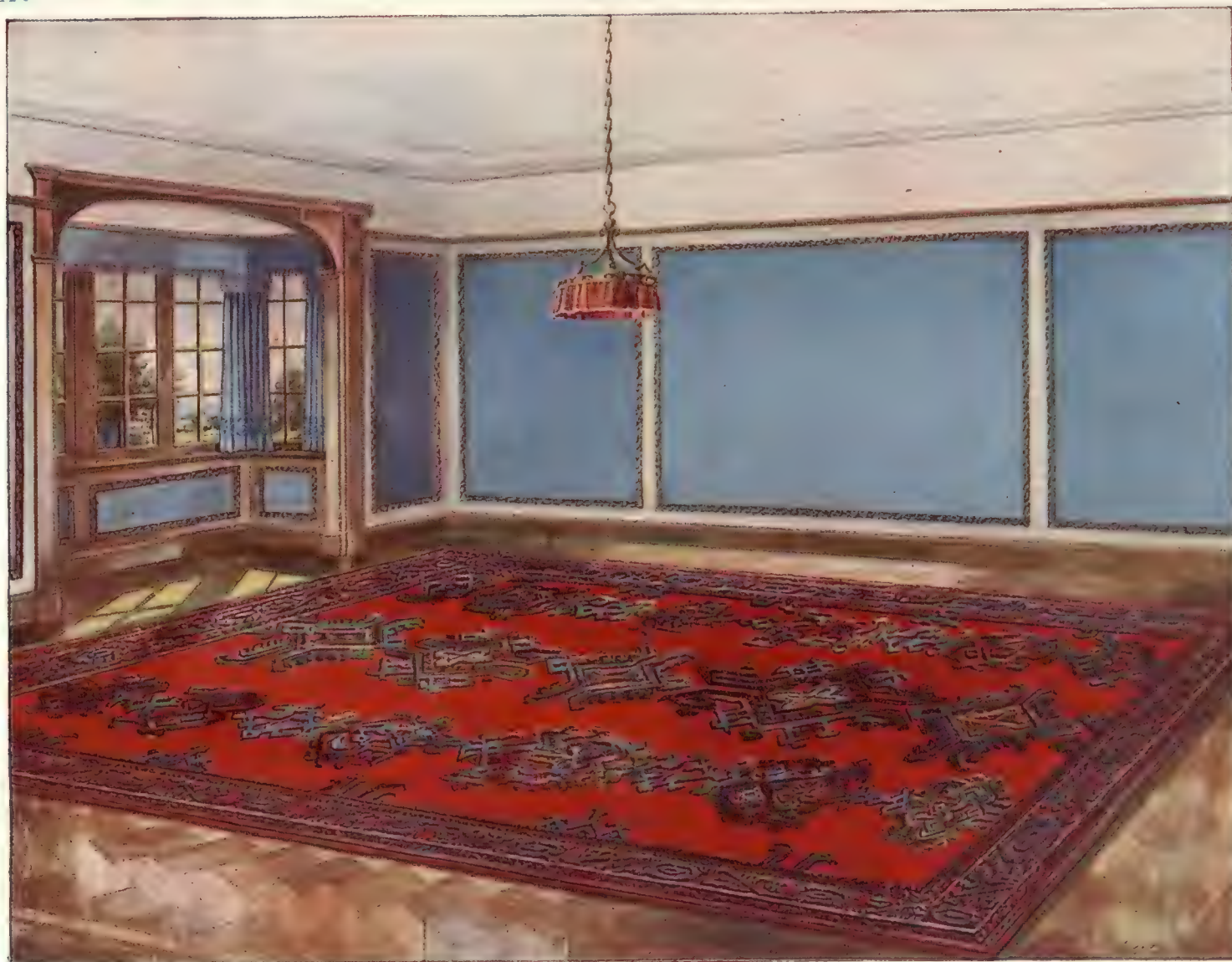
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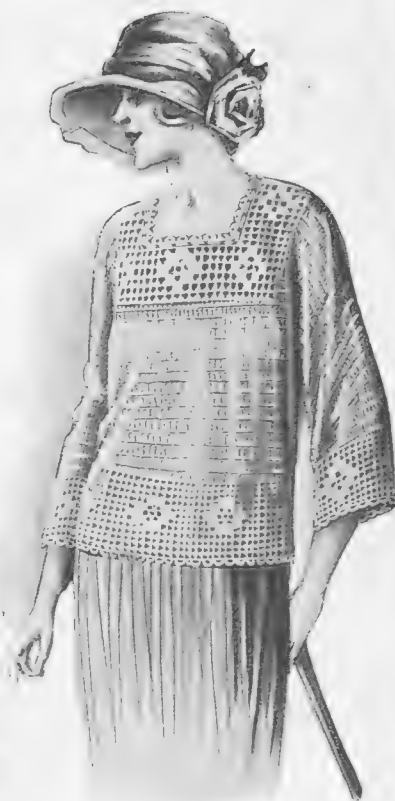
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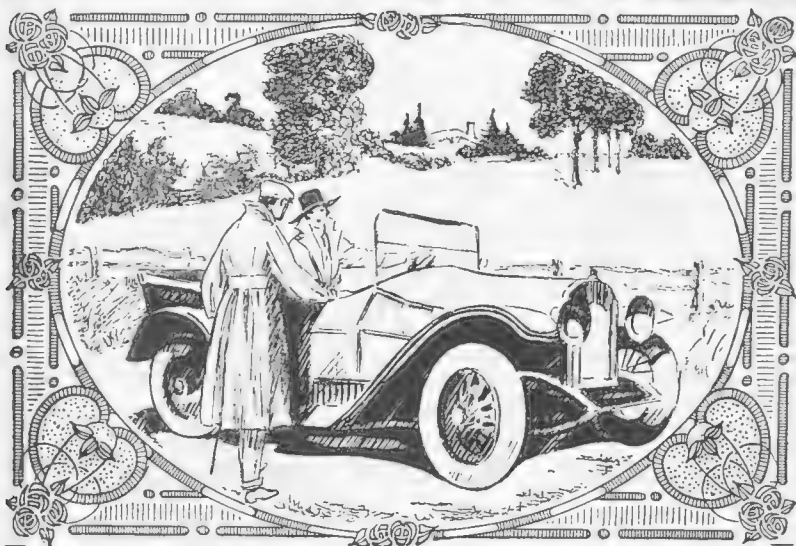
Black lisle hose, reliable wear, suitable for town or country, with white, royal or purple silk stripe (as sketch). Per pair 6/9

Cashmere wool sports hose in various designs in shades of black and white, black and grey, and green mixture. Per pair 15/9

Mercerised lisle hose with extra silk finish, in various shades of grey, mole, putty, coating, and brown (as sketch). Per pair 5/11

Harvey Nichols  
of Knightsbridge S.W.

HARVEY NICHOLS & CO., LTD., Knightsbridge, London, S.W. 1.



## The Girl at the Wheel

knows the value of a really satisfactory SHOWERPROOF. It must be light, perfectly ventilated, and durable.

# "Cravenette"

(Regd.)

## SHOWERPROOFS

have all these qualities.

LOOK FOR THE  
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No guarantee without.

If any difficulty in obtaining, please write  
THE CRAVENETTE CO., LTD.,  
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In sizes 21-25.

# 27/6



A BEAUTIFUL button-fronted Corset of Suède-finished Tricot, trimmed with dainty ruched edging. Made in White, Rose or Sky. Has two supports at each side and is fitted with two pairs of suspenders. An entirely new design made in Paris.

Model No. 233 for Maternity wear will be found to meet all needs. Made of Tricot and elastic and with scientifically placed side supports. 45/-

Write for Art folder, "Examples of Modern Corsetry," a beautifully illustrated brochure—sent post free, together with name of nearest agent.

"Art steps in where Nature fails."

## Worth's Corsets

LTD.

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London, E.C.1

Model  
No. 904.

# GOOCH'S

## VOGUE & VALUE

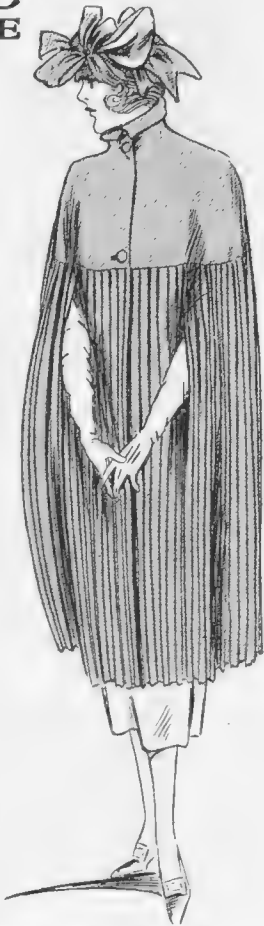
A visit to Goochs is always pleasing—the present collection of graceful fashions enhances this pleasure; you will pronounce it a real achievement in original good taste at practical prices. Make Goochs your first call.

"The Kenneth."—The new box-pleated Cape, plain easy-fitting yoke, with high collar which when open forms attractive rever. Black or navy superior fine coating serge. Useful garment for all occasions ... **5 Gns.**

Grey, putty, fawn and light mole gabardine. **6 Gns.**

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# Permanent Waving



LADIES who desire to have their hair permanently waved—to look perfectly natural and beautiful—are strongly advised to go to Gérard's, 102, Victoria St., S.W.1

## GÉRARD'S Latest Scientific PROCESS

is guaranteed absolutely harmless to the hair.

Whole Head from  
**£5.5.0**  
Half Head from  
**£3.13.6**  
6/- per cutter.

MISS HEATHER THATCHER, (the celebrated actress) writes:—"I am delighted with my Permanent Waving. It is a great boon to ladies with straight, lanky or greasy hair, and I can thoroughly recommend it. I have given it a very good test at the seaside, in the rain and wind—and Oh! what a comfort!"

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PERMANENT WAVE SPECIALISTS

World-renowned makers of 'Transformations,' etc.

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Established 1900.



EVERY Needlewoman appreciates the qualities that have made CLARK'S "ANCHOR" THREADS the favourites for every class and kind of Washable Embroidery. Their range of colour is superb; their silky lustre permanent, and their smoothness in working unsurpassed.

All Drapers and Needlework shops sell the "ANCHOR" Threads together with patterns, transfers and leaflets of instruction.

Clark's "ANCHOR" Threads are seven in number.

COTON A BRODER	VELVENO
STRANDED COTTON	FLOX
FILOSHEEN	FIL D'ECOSSE
FLOSS EMBROIDERY	

All made by

**CLARK & CO LTD**  
ANCHOR MILLS  
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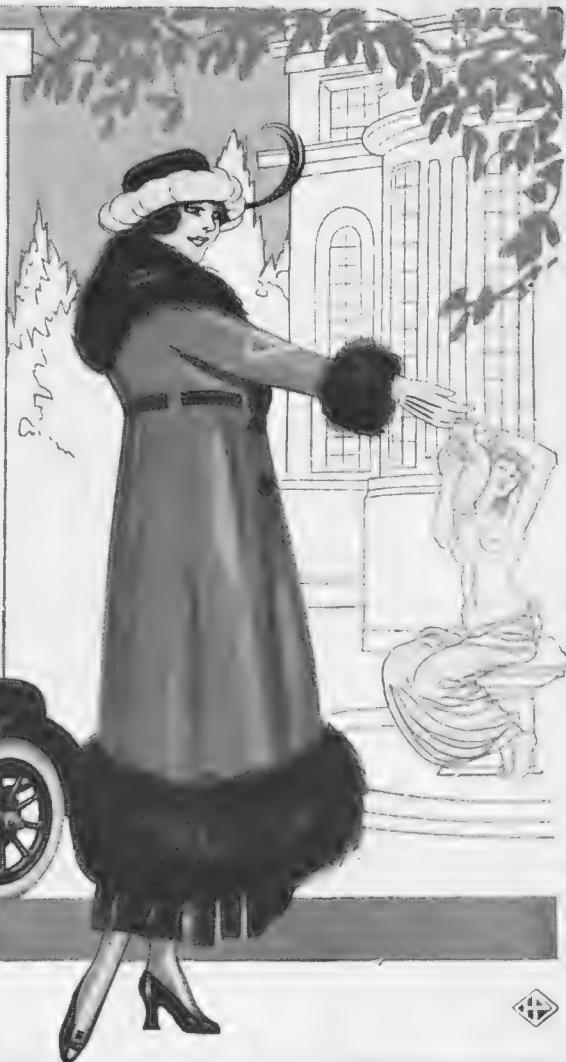
## The CLASSIC CALCOTT Selection

If you want a car that will give you complete satisfaction and lasting service at a reasonable cost, added to the highest distinction in outward appearance, then we believe you will make a mistake if, before you buy, you do not carefully inspect the Classic CALCOTT.

It is a car that from every standpoint—beauty, utility, and efficiency—deserves, and is receiving, attention from that class of purchaser who can command the best.

CALCOTT BROS., LTD.,  
COVENTRY.

Established 1885.



### "The Gathering of the Clan."

Historical Note:—The Highland Chieftains portrayed are wearing the Davidson tartan—Dawson and Davidson are synonymous, the one being a time-worn rendering of the other.  
From the original Painting in the possession of Messrs. Peter Dawson, Ltd., Glasgow, proprietors of the famous 'P.D.' Scotch—a whisky of Historic Lineage.

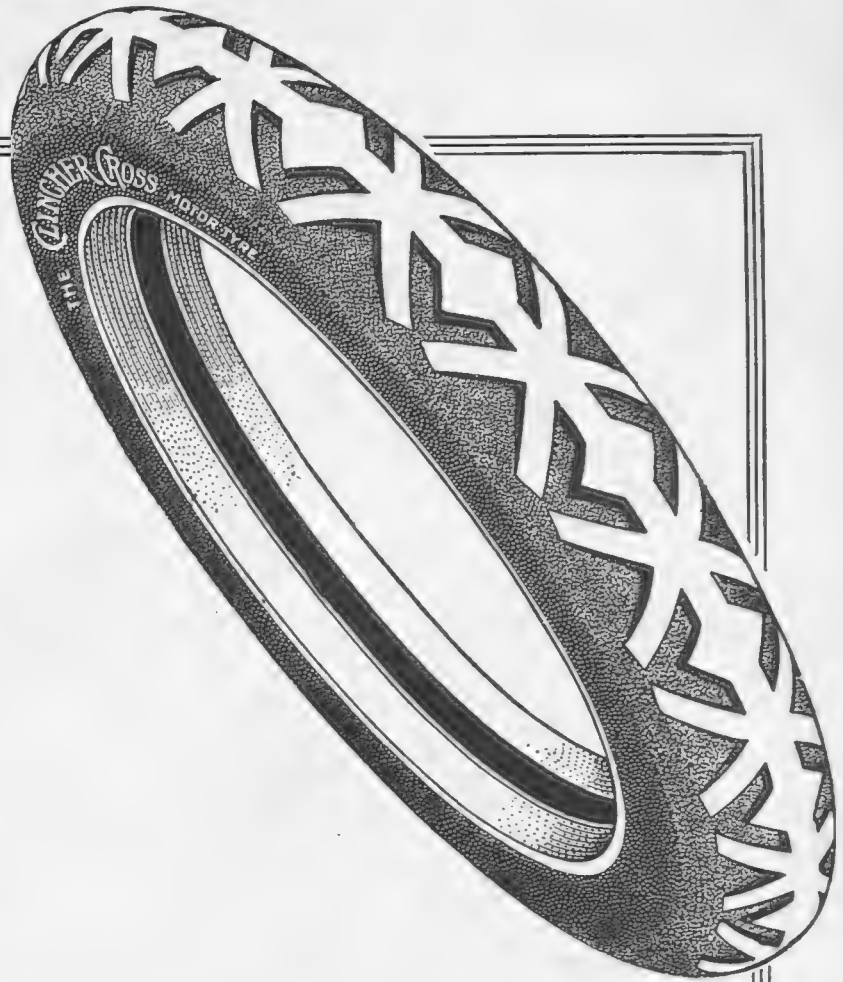
## CORRECT STANDARDS

determined by the highest ideals of Tyre making, are the manufacturing standards for "Clincher" Tyres.

Every stage of the process considered—raw materials—plant—methods—experience—workmanship, in each feature "Clincher" standards are correct.

This is the logical reason why every motorist should fit

NORTH BRITISH  
"CLINCHER"  
TRADE MARK  
TYRES



The NORTH BRITISH RUBBER Co., Ltd.,  
Edinburgh, London and Branches.



*Crossley*

THE manufacturers of Crossley Cars are accustomed to receiving letters of appreciation from Crossley owners. The one reproduced below is typical. It is in long and satisfactory service that the Crossley car excels. The original letter is available for examination.

SOVEREIGN WORKS, STOCKPORT,  
January 10th, 1921.

Crossley Motors Ltd.,  
Manchester.

Dear Sirs,

Some few months ago I mentioned the fact that, although I had been running for over twelve months, I had not had a stop on the car.

A few weeks after seeing you, I had a slight accident which involved a stoppage, which was no fault of the car, but was a slight error of judgment on someone's part, not mine, I believe.

After making good the slight damage done to the car, I have continued to run ever since and still without a stop.

The fact that I run my car every day in all weathers, and have done so for nineteen months, is, I think, a very wonderful performance, and is highly creditable to your car, both as regards design, material, and workmanship, and I congratulate you on such a splendid product.

I am, Yours faithfully,  
J. HIGGINSON.

P.S.—I think I may add it is the most reliable car I have had for years.

Write for interesting literature.

CROSSLY MOTORS Ltd., Builders of Quality Cars, MANCHESTER  
London Office and Export Dept., 40-41, Conduit St., W.1.



## SUMMER!

And a "KELVIN" MOTOR LAUNCH on  
RIVER, LOCH, ESTUARY or OPEN SEA.

THINK OF IT!

BUT—THINK OF IT NOW!

Last year we sold over 100 complete Motor Launches, and the demand was such that only one would-be buyer in ten secured a Launch. Think of it now, before the rush comes. This is the ideal healthful motoring. Inexpensive, too! No tyre bills, no punctures, no garage charges, no license duty, no high-priced petrol (the fuel is cheap paraffin).

KELVIN COMPLETE MOTOR LAUNCHES OVER 40 MODELS.

Deliveries from Stock.

Write for Launch Catalogue No. 6.

THE BERGIUS LAUNCH & ENGINE CO., Ltd. DOBBIES LOAN, GLASGOW.



*An Invitation*

# PÉRON

of 2 Rue de la Paix, Paris, is holding a Reception at his London House, 184-6 Regent Street, London, W. 1, where he is showing his new collection of Models, on the 16th, 17 & 18th of March, 1921, at 3 o'clock.

AFTERNOON TEA

MUSIC

ADMISSION BY INVITATION ONLY

Apply early to 184-6 REGENT ST., LONDON, W.

Telephone: GERRARD 3293

HUNTLEY & PALMERS  
Ginger Nuts are good  
to taste, good to eat, and  
good for the system.

Three or Four eaten at  
bedtime will be found  
very beneficial.

## Huntley & Palmers Ginger Nuts

Look for H.P. on  
each biscuit—refuse  
to accept imitations.

HUNTLEY & PALMERS LTD.  
READING AND LONDON

*J.W. Benson Ltd.*



£150



£235



Diamonds and Onyx

£225

Moire Silk Bands

High Quality  
Lever  
Movements

Diamonds  
Set in  
Platinum

25, Old Bond St., W.1.

## BULMER'S POMAGNE

CHAMPAGNE CIDER-DE-LUXE

The words "Champagne Cider" are  
used by many Cider Makers to describe  
any Sparkling Cider, whether it is  
carbonated or fermented in bottle.

H. P. Bulmer & Co.  
Ltd. is the only Cider  
House manufacturing  
on a large scale,  
Champagne Ciders, by  
the same elaborate  
processes as the costly  
French Champagnes.

"POMAGNE" Vintage 1916,  
is the result of many years study and  
expense. Nothing approaching  
this quality has ever been offered.

Write for Free Illustrated Booklet "F"  
H. P. BULMER & CO., Ltd., HEREFORD

Sole Export and Wholesale London Agents:  
Findlater, Mackie, Todd & Co., Ltd.,  
London Bridge, S.E. 1.





## Ambiguous!



THE HOSTESS : Do you sing, Mr. Blazer ?

THE GUEST : No, unfortunately—I'm one of the listeners !

DRAWN BY WILMOT LUNT.



## THE WOMAN ABOUT TOWN

**Sight-Seeing.** I had an hour to spare last week, and went sight-seeing. I saw Mr. Lloyd George going to a sitting of the Conference, walking along with Mr. Bonar Law, very preoccupied, but not down-hearted, far from it. His silver-white hair, bobbed like a girl's, is really decorative, and his topper was a shining beauty. He got a good cheer. Just before, I had seen Dr. Simons—quite a nice-looking, well-groomed man; but his confrères had a cross and Hunnish aspect, doubtless accentuated an hour later. I saw Lord Hugh Cecil, looking very Cecil-ish, and Lord Balfour of Burleigh—big, stalwart Scot, with the green ribbon of the Thistle across his Levee dress. Officer-men looked so well in their scarlet-and-gold "braws" once again, and the King seemed to be in first-rate health and spirits. You will perceive that it was an hour of legitimate feminine sight-seeing; my sights were all men!

**America's Leading Lady.** The lady of the White House, in Washington, is a woman of affairs, and one who knows her own mind. She married her husband under her father's threat to cut her off without a dollar. She has run her husband's paper more than once unaided, while he was recuperating after a breakdown from over-work. She was educated like a boy, for her father had no sons for long after her birth, and she loved horses and dogs and outdoor life. Washington Society fears, I am told, a very commonplace reign at White House. It may be in for one of the surprises which are features of our post-war world. Mrs. Warren Harding, whatever else she may be, is little likely to prove commonplace.

**Neither Tussle Nor Tangle.** Do any of my readers ever have a tussle with their corset? Not, of course, to lace it tightly—that process is obsolete—but to get it right, comfortable, and easy. Sometimes the fastenings lock, and then it seems



Photo, L.N.A.  
Flowered taffetas imparts an added charm to the pannier frock, as it gives it an ultra-eighteenth-century look.

as if one might have to call in the blacksmith. Sometimes the laces get tangled, and so does the operator's temper. To those who have such experiences, the new, front-lacing Gossard corset will be a boon and a blessing. It will be more than this, for they are so cut that they accentuate the good points of the figure, and secure grace of line and proper proportions. The smartest dressmakers approve them, and so, too, do the medical people sensible enough to recognise that a first-rate corset is a woman's best protection and support. We have an opportunity for choice among several styles of Gossard corsets at 168, Regent Street, W.1.

**Mannerisms of Mannequins.** How much of an actress ought a mannequin to be? I

have been at one or two parades of models, and I am divided in my mind, in one or two instances, as to whether the model or the mannequin intrigued me more. Now, it can't be good for business if the mannequin outshines the model. On the other hand, the model might miss desired attention if the mannequin were not attractive and possessed of intriguing mannerisms. One tall, slim girl moved clad in flame-coloured satin, with a wonderful Egyptian diadem over her brows, as if we onlookers were all worms—interested worms, of course, and just a little worth her magnificence's consideration. Another had a bored and haughty look, and floated along in a Spanish cloak of crimson face cloth, having a black velvet collar and cape, and a remarkably pretty hat, looking just as so many of our smart women did before

[Continued overleaf.]

**USE JEYES'**  
3 to 5 drops in a glass of water as a preventative against 'FLU'

**USE JEYES'**  
for Spring Cleaning

**USE JEYES'**  
in your Bath

**USE JEYES'**  
in the Sickroom

There's no disinfectant as good as

**Jeyes' FLUID**  
The World's Best  
for more than 25 years.

**PREPARATIONS** which claim to do all and more than Jeyes' come and go, but Jeyes', which has been the standard British Disinfectant for over a quarter of a century, remains the safest and best in the world. No matter for what purpose a disinfectant is needed—Jeyes' is the best, and every great sanitary authority knows that it is. Refuse all substitutes. Try a shilling bottle. It makes 10 gallons of the most efficient disinfectant. It has the strength that tells.

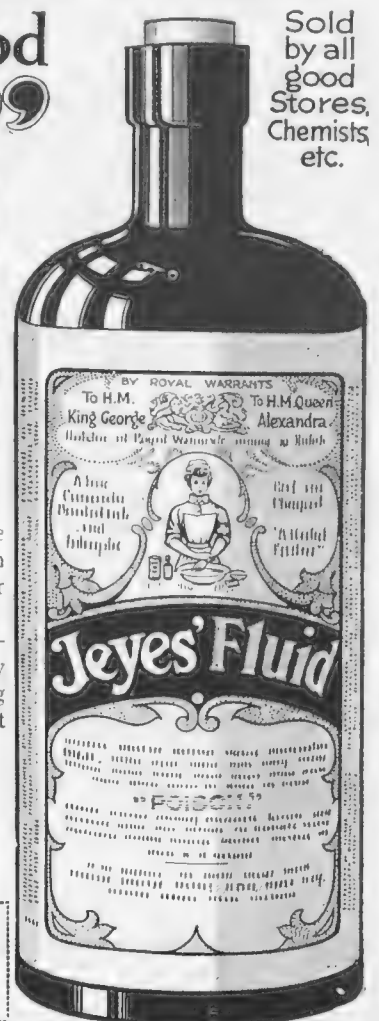
**Refuse all substitutes—Insist on Jeyes'**

**JEYES' SANITARY COMPOUNDS CO. LTD.,**

64, Cannon Street, London, E.C.

By Appointment to H.M. The King.

You should also use  
**JEYES' The World's Best HAIR TONIC**  
SOLD EVERYWHERE. 2/6 PER BOTTLE.





BOOTS  
WHITE HEATHER  
EAU DE COLOGNE

This popular brand of British Eau de Cologne has a pronounced and lasting fragrance that is wonderfully exhilarating and refreshing. It is fashion's favourite perfume for general toilet use. Indispensable when travelling, motoring, etc.  
Prices 2/3, 4/-, 7/9 and 15/- per bottle.

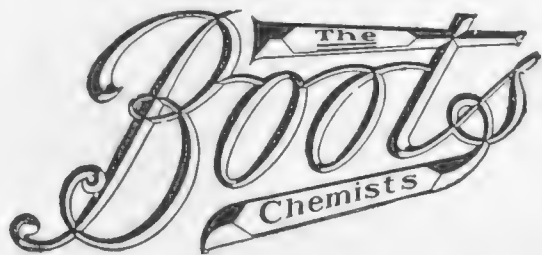
BOOTS  
JERSEY CASTLE  
EAU DE COLOGNE

Possesses pleasant antiseptic properties that make it indispensable in the hospital and sick room. A little sprayed in the atmosphere acts as a protection against germs and is delightfully refreshing to nurse and patient.  
Prices 11d., 1/8, 3/2, 8/10 and 11/6 per bottle.

## QUALITY In Eaux de Cologne

THE numerous brands of Eaux de Cologne differ in quality because cheaper substitutes are used in the process of manufacture instead of the more expensive ingredients. Boots have for years made Eaux de Cologne with all the refined and refreshing qualities of the original Farina formula. Their 'White Heather' and 'Jersey Castle' brands are distilled from blended essential oils possessing agreeable antiseptic properties, and they are now widely used in preference to Eaux de Cologne of alien extraction.

*It is important to remember that while these British Eaux de Cologne are of the finest quality, superb distilling and manufacturing facilities make it possible to offer them at prices less than other makes.*

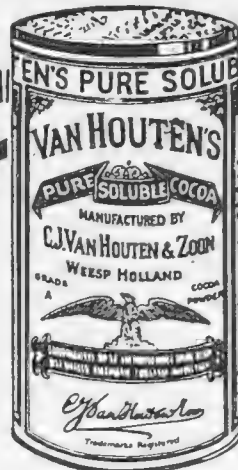


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15 NEW BOND STREET, - W.1.

Over 600 Branches throughout the  
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BOOTS PURE DRUG COMPANY LIMITED.



## A century-old Favourite.

Generation after generation of cocoa drinkers has held firmly to

## Van Houten's

Years ago this incomparable cocoa established a world-wide reputation for Delicious Flavour and Economy in use.

Best & goes  
Farthest.

## SESSEL PEARLS

Sessel Pearls are the finest reproductions existing. They are made by a secret and scientific process, which imparts to them the same sheen, delicacy of tone, texture, and durability of genuine Oriental Pearls.

The "Sphere" says:—  
"A row of wonderful Sessel reproduction Pearls will amply satisfy even the most fastidious taste."

Sessel Pearl Earrings, Pins, Studs, Rings, in Solid Gold Mountings

From  
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Diamonds, Pearls, Old Gold, Silver, etc., Purchased for Cash or taken in exchange.

Beautiful Collar of Sessel Pearls with  
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Sessel Pearls are positively superior to any others existing. Every Necklet, in fact every pearl made in our laboratories is an exact and faithful reproduction of a real pearl, the minutest details being studied in their manufacture.

The "Bystander" says:—  
"In colour, weight, and general appearance there is absolutely nothing to choose between the two pieces."

Sessel Clasp with Sessel Emerald—Sapphire or Ruby centre.

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Illustrated Brochure No. 1 on request post free.  
Sessel Pearls can only be obtained direct from  
**SESSEL** (Bourne, Ltd.),  
14 & 14a, New Bond Street, London, W.1.



Continued.]

the war—as if it were quite a bore to themselves and condescension to others to keep alive.

#### A Pair of Nice People.

The Marquess of Sligo is said to have been disguised, once upon a time, as an Indian baby, and so had his life saved in the Indian Mutiny by a faithful ayah. She did a good deed, that Indian nurse, and Lord Sligo has proved his worth. His eldest daughter is shortly to be married to Earl Stanhope. She is a pretty girl, very like what Lady Sligo was at her age, I should think, if on a rather larger scale. Lord and Lady Sligo are Unionists, living at Westport House, in the midst of a most disaffected district. Lady Sligo is an enthusiastic gardener. Earl Stanhope served through the war, in which his only brother was killed. He was mentioned in despatches three times, and got the Legion of Honour. It is not a boy-and-girl marriage, but is one of quite suitable ages, and of a pair of really nice people.

#### A Pleasant Preventive.

"Oh, my gracious," said a friend, "I have heard of a valuable thirst, but I've got an invaluable one!" She had read that if she would cure her indigestion, she must never drink until two hours after meals. I met the dear lady two hours after a Lenten Friday lunch of salt fish, and suggested, in reply to her wail, a lemon squash. "Can I get it in a bucket?" said the thirsty one. She could not, but she did have three big tumblerfuls, one after another. I advised her to eat and drink as usual, and to try a little "Cinzano" vermouth, which I find an excellent



The charm of the coat-rock is well displayed in these two attractive examples from Paris.

Photo. Crown Inc., Paris.

digestive. These cranky treatments demand too much, and yield too little relief. "Cinzano" is not too sweet and not too dry, and you can get it at any wine merchant's; or, if not, F. J. Anderson and Co. are the wholesale agents for the United Kingdom, and a card to them will say where it can be obtained. A pleasant preventive is better than an unnatural remedy.

#### Plain More Favoured than Coloured.

There has been great talk about the brilliant colours we are to wear this season. In the positions of models I have witnessed, the three colours chiefly shown were a deep bright sapphire-blue—almost what, in earlier days we called royal-blue; a very beautiful and brilliant flamingo-red; and a soft yet dominant crimson. These were shown as long, draped cloaks (which will be a feature of our fashions), in dresses for day and for evening wear, and in millinery. It was generally settled by onlookers that only women who had many costumes could venture on these so marked—as "the flame frock," "the blue beauty," and "the crimson creation" would so soon get known. Linings are, in many cases, very vivid; but dark and neutral colours are in the ascendant, and jet is in first favour again—used in novel ways, of course.

The Editor regrets that in *The Sketch* issue of March 2, the portrait of Mr. B. Grayson at the Cambridge 'Chases' was published with the statement that he was the son of Mr. Victor Grayson. He is the son of Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Henry M. Grayson, M.P.

## Lower Prices—but same High Standard



TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Special attention is given to Orders received by Post.

## Walk-Over BOOTS & SHOES

WALK-OVER SHOE CO. George E. Keith, British Stores Ltd.  
Head Office: 372, OXFORD ST., LONDON, W.1.  
Branches:—London—227, Oxford Street, W.1—139-140, Cheapside, E.C.2.—80, Strand, W.C.2.—30, Ludgate Hill, E.C.4.—15, Brompton Road, S.W.1.—135, Regent St., W.1.  
Manchester—Liverpool—Leeds—Birmingham (2 shops)—Newcastle-on-Tyne—Glasgow—Edinburgh—Belfast—Cambridge—Brighton—Cardiff—Paris (2 Shops)—Lyons—The Hague—Brussels.

Mass production is lowering the price of footwear. Walk-Over models are being made at the rate of thousands of pairs a day. But the Walk-Over standard is still the highest possible. Nothing else will satisfy us, because we know that nothing less will satisfy Walk-Over wearers.

There's a last for every fancy. There's a fit for every foot—all made with perfect craftsmanship from the finest materials obtainable. Visit our branches and judge the quality and value for yourself.



## Here you are Mum—where's the spoon?

Owing to the unpleasant taste, mothers frequently have great trouble in getting children to take laxatives.

"SEMPROLAX" is the modern treatment that lubricates and cleans the system, gives strength, and vigour to the bowels, and, being perfectly gentle in its action, does not gripe nor purge, and can be given to the youngest child without fear. "SEMPROLAX" has an exceedingly pleasant taste, being of a similar nature to jam or conserve, and you will have no trouble in getting your children to take it. Try a jar to-day.

## Semprolax LAXATIVE CONSERVE

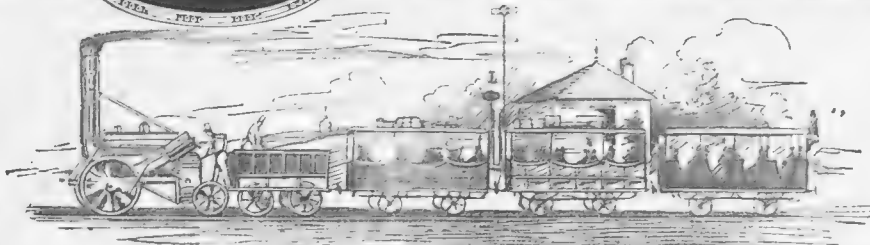
Sold by all Chemists at 2/-, 3/9, and 6/6, or direct post free.

#### SPECIAL OFFER

A sample jar will be sent on receipt of 6d. to cover cost of packing and postage

The WM. BROWNING Co., Ltd., Dept. F, Albert St., Regent's Park, London, N.W.

STEPHENSON



**Makers of History:**

**G**EORGE STEPHENSON. 1781—1848. Improver of the locomotive steam engine. His locomotive, "Rocket," travelling at the rate of 29 miles per hour, gained the prize offered by the Liverpool & Manchester Railway, which system Stephenson and his son Robert constructed, thus inaugurating the railway era.

VERY little Whisky is as pure and palatable as "RED TAPE." Even if *all* old Whiskies were, there would still be a shortage. He who can procure

**"Red Tape"**  
(TRADE MARK)  
**The Whisky**

congratulates himself. The less fortunate are optimistically reminded that it is a long lane without a turning.

Sole Proprietors:  
BAIRD-TAYLOR BROS., Glasgow, Scotland.



**"What do you give them?"**

Hillary, near Durban, Natal, July, 1919.

To Savory & Moore, Ltd.—Dear Sirs, I have much pleasure in sending you a photo of our twin girls at 10 months old, both of whom were entirely reared on Savory & Moore's Food. Everyone asks me, "What do you give them?" so that we are constantly recommending Savory & Moore's. Make whatever use you like of this letter and photo, and believe us your grateful and staunch supporters, A. & D. Jackson.

**SAVORY & MOORE'S  
FOOD**

**THE BURBERRY**

Every  
Burberry  
Garment  
bears a  
Burberry  
Label.



THE  
**BEST** Weatherproof the  
World Over—  
**LAST** to advance and  
**FIRST** to lower its Price.

AT **6<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub>** GNS.

THE BURBERRY offers greater value than any other commodity at the present time.

The various materials from which it is built cost 3 to 6 times as much as in 1914, yet the price is 40% less than these increases warrant.

**THE BURBERRY**

takes the place of the Spring, Summer, Autumn and Winter Overcoat for all purposes, and, in addition, maintains its pre-eminence as a weatherproof, unequalled for comfort and protection.

BURBERRYS have adjusted the prices of all their productions for 1921 on a basis that will be extremely gratifying to their customers.

Illustrated Catalogue & Patterns Post Free.

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Boul. Malesherbes PARIS; and Agents  
Burberrys Ltd.

BUY THE PRINCE OF WALES' BOOK and help ST. DUNSTON'S.  
7/6 net.



## CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 97, GRESHAM STREET, E.C.

## AMERICA.

THE new President of the American Republic has issued his first Message, which was obviously meant for home consumption and dealt largely in generalities. This applies more especially to his reference to trade. "Our supreme task," he said, "is the resumption of our onward, normal way; reconstruction, readjustment, restoration—all these must follow . . . opportunity is calling . . . we shall answer it best by bidding enterprise, genius, and efficiency to carry our cargoes in American bottoms to the marts of the world."

These sentiments are admirable, no doubt; but if by the normal way Mr. Harding meant the pre-war way he is ignoring the very fundamental change which has occurred in America's economic position in relation to the rest of the world; and more especially to Europe.

His country is comparatively a young one, and it was built up with the capital from the old world—its railways, its steel works, and public utilities were based largely on Europe's capital. America is a country of vast natural resources, and supplied the world with grain, with cotton, and with oil—to name the three most important products—and it was by the export of such commodities that she paid the interest due abroad. In short, she was a debtor nation and a producing nation.

The war has completely altered this. America remains a producing nation, but has become a creditor nation, and this is almost as awkward a state of affairs for her as it is for the rest of the world.

During the war she drained us of our gold—imports of the precious metal reached the huge total of £200,000,000—and a very large proportion of the American securities held by Europe were returned across the Atlantic. Europe remains willing and anxious for wheat and cotton and oil, but unable to pay for them; and the fact that America wishes to carry her exports in her own bottoms still further emphasises the difficulty.

"To-day," said Mr. Harding, "when people are seeking trade restoration and expansion, we must adjust our tariff to the new order." It is not quite clear what he meant by this; but if he wants to promote American exports, then, so far as we can see, the one and only way to do it is to lower or even remove altogether the protective barrier of import duties, because it is by sending goods and goods only that the rest of the world can, under the new conditions, continue to absorb and pay for the necessities which it draws from the younger country.

## OUR STROLLER IN THROGMORTON STREET.

"What does it cost to become a member of the Stock Exchange?" asked Our Stroller.

"It all depends," replied his cautious broker. "If you've been in the House for four years as a clerk, you can make yourself a member for five hundred pounds, or thereabouts. That includes your first year's subscription."

"But could I come in now, as an outsider?"

"Are you of German, Austrian, Turkish, Bulgarian, or Hungarian birth?" inquired the broker.

"Not to my knowledge," laughed Our Stroller.

"Can you get three members of the Stock Exchange to be surety for five hundred apiece for four years if you go broke within that time?"

"I'd have a shot. What else?"

"Have you been bankrupt, insolvent, or compounded with your creditors more than once? And if you've been bankrupt, have you paid twenty bob in the pound?"

"Now, look here—"

"Are you engaged in any other business? Or is your wife? Or are you a holder of shares and debentures in any outside concern that does Stock Exchange dealings?"

"Not guilty, my lord."

"Are you more than twenty-one—"

"Round the waist?"

"Don't frivol. If you can pass the examination-paper I have just set you, we will allow you to come into the Stock Exchange as a member for—er—let me think—"

"Don't, if it hurts you."

"It's you that will get hurt if you can't be civil. See, there's six hundred guineas entrance-fee, a hundred for one year's subscription, forty for a Nomination, plus the price of three Stock Exchange shares—say another three hundred. How much is that?"

"Heavens! you fluster me. Say it over again, and I'll put it down."

The broker repeated the items.

"I make it just under eleven hundred pounds," said our friend. "Is that right? It sounds cheap."

"And out of that eleven hundred pounds you have got three Stock Exchange shares as an income-earning investment, and a Nomination that ought to be worth five hundred pounds. Last March it went up to nearly seven hundred."

"H'm," commented Our Stroller, "it doesn't sound expensive compared with some other—er—er—professions. And the qualifications?"

[Continued overleaf.]

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(AS PRE-WAR)

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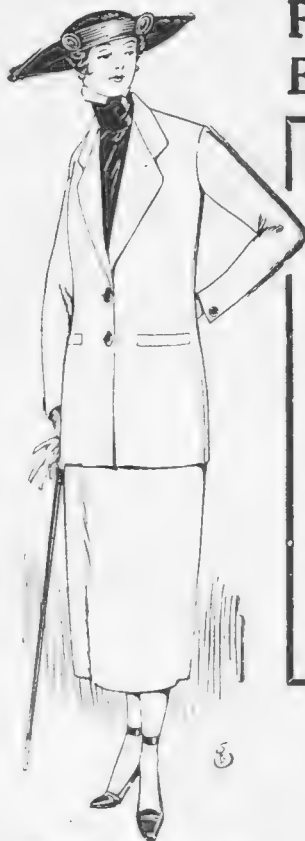
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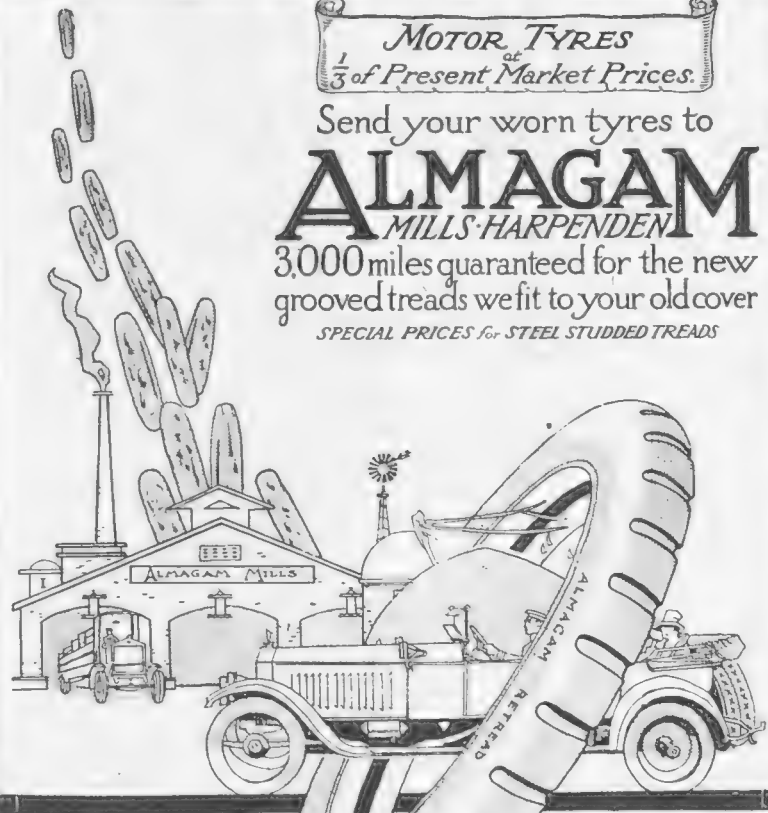
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"Having used Tyres on my cars which have been retreaded by you for some time now, I should like to bear testimony to the way they have worn. They have lasted almost as long as a brand new Tyre and some of them look good for another 1000 miles or so yet, and they have been used on Cars which are out in all weathers and on many bad roads."

Depots for A.R.M. Covers,  
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Attractive  
Jumper  
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Exclusive design and  
made from high-  
grade materials.

Jersey in woven silk  
with alternate thread  
of gold or silver. In  
beautiful shades of  
Mole, Saxe, Grey,  
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Special Price

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of Knightsbridge S.W.

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Continued.]

"A six-shilling jobbing-case, a fourpenny pencil, plenty of rich friends, and an expansive brain-box."

"What about the brains to put in the box?"

"You tire me. You really do. I thought I was giving you information that might be of some use, and you go and—"

"Don't be cross. I apologise. And thank you for your patient exposition. It's dry work talking, don't you think?"

The jobber, mollified by the invitation, asked for two minutes' grace. "Talking to you has driven this War Loan order out of my head. Shan't be a minute."

Our Stroller soliloquised upon the expanding brain-box, and waited for the broker to reappear . . .

"Down-hearted? Of course we are. No use saying we aren't," cried a jobber cheerfully. "You stand in a mouldy market all the day long, and all the week long, making twelve-and-six here and losing two pounds ten there. Then see at the end of six months of this kind of thing if you feel merry and bright about the middle of March, when—"

"The worst of it is, I can't see things any better."

"Wherein you show, O Apple of my Eye, less philosophic wisdom than might have been expected from such a veteran."

"My hair is only dark-white against your snowy remnants," protested the other.

"The more reason why you should listen to my paternal—paternal—pa—"

"Banalities?" suggested another House man.

"Eh? Well, if you like. I don't know what they are, anyway. But look you here. You can't have war on the grandest scale for four years, and then expect everything to be neatly swept and garnished a couple of years afterwards. Man, we're paying for the war to-day, and the account isn't square yet."

"Or anything like it. To my mind," declared another speaker, "you've got to have a clean slate between the nations before their trade makes any real headway."

"It's a British habit to pay our debts. We don't want to ask favours from America or any other country."

"That's so. But if it is going to pay America to wipe off the outstanding liabilities, surely we aren't such fools as to stand in the way of her doing it?"

"Not if it enables us to cancel the debts due to us from France and the other European nations. And even America is coming to see that possession of all the world's cash is not much use if it puts up a bar against her ability to trade with the world."

"They always drift into economics when there's nothing doing," remarked Our Stroller, as he and his broker stood in Throgmorton Street.

"There is a good deal of sense in that argument about a general wash-out of international debts," said the broker. "Indeed, until that happens—"

"But there's the Bank Rate?"

"So there is. And we shall do better under Six per Cent. It will make a lot of difference all round."

"To Industrials, think you?"

"Not so much as to the better-class stocks, of course. Another six months, though, and I do think we shall see markets picking up again."

"After the weaker brethren have been weeded out."

"There are a lot will have to go, that's a certainty."

"A surety. Now come and get me two more."

"Two more what?"

"Sureties, of course. And one expanding brain-box."

"Better make it two," said the broker. "Mine is getting worn a bit thin—in parts!"

#### THE CIVIL SERVICE.

The taxpayers will have to find less money for the Civil Service next year, and that's a good thing; but there is still plenty of room for further economy.

The ordinary business man and his staff work, roughly, from nine to six, and out of the fruits of their toil have to find the money to pay the salaries of those who work in Government offices. Why, therefore, should the latter's hours be from ten to four? We doubt very much whether they work any harder than anybody else.

A six hours' working day, with an hour for lunch, is impossible to justify at any time; and when the future of the country depends on hard work and increased production, it is a very poor example for the rest of us. An increase in working hours would not only enable staffs to be reduced, but would economise office space.

Friday, March 11, 1921.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, 15, Essex Street, Strand, W.C.2.

BLENHEIM.—Will you send us the secretary's address, and we will make some inquiries for you.

A. DE M.—We have never liked the finance of the firm in question; but if there is a large amount at stake, perhaps it would be better for you to send us a list of your holdings and the prices you paid.

DIGGER.—(1) Most certainly hold; (2) We know little of the Company, but think you could find a more attractive investment.

(SECOND EDITION.)

## RAMBLES ROUND OLD TEMPLE BAR

This authentic description of an historic and picturesque part of London, written by L. Godfrey Turner, and illustrated by Ernest Coffin, will be forwarded on receipt of 1/6, sent to

YE. OLDE. COCK. TAVERN,  
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## The PYTCHLEY HUNT SAUCE

The sauce which makes a  
good dinner perfect

"It's the Seasoning what does it"  
says one of Dickens' characters; and every good cook knows that  
it is true. For use with chops, steaks, cold meats, fish, etc., or  
for flavouring stews, soups and casserole dishes of all kinds.

## PYTCHLEY HUNT SAUCE

gives great richness and delicacy, and is a boon to the  
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Of all Grocers and Stores 1/3 and 2/- a bottle.

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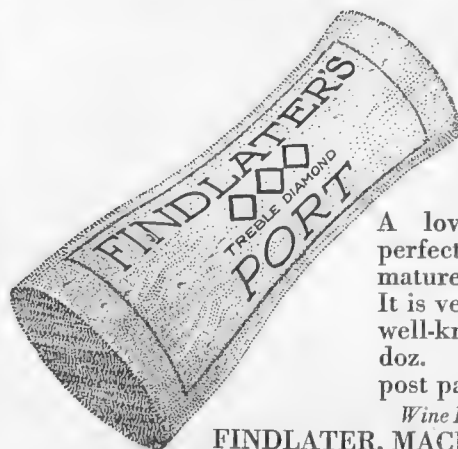
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LITTLE GIRL'S FROCK in fine quality navy coating serge, cut on simple, attractive lines with well-cut Magyar sleeve and belt, daintily finished at sleeves, neck, pockets and front with piping of Crêpe-de-Chine in contrasting colour and silk stitching. Sizes 24 in. to 36 in.

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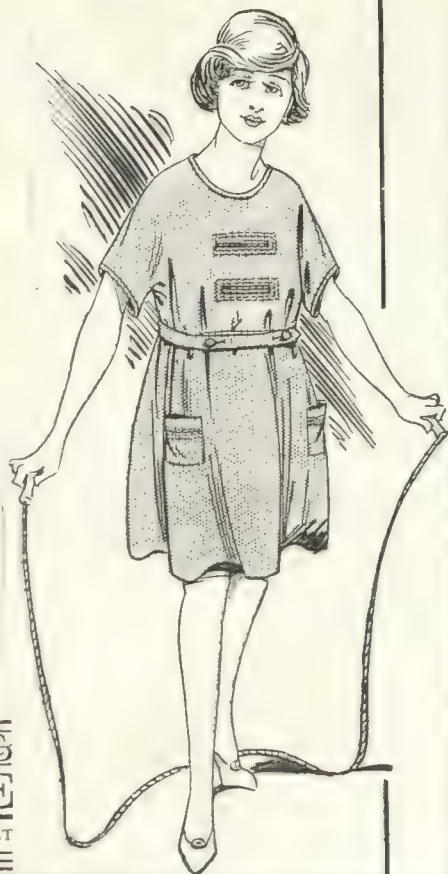
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A Useful Wrap of exceptionally fine material of woollen texture resembling a French flannel. Collar and cuffs trimmed silk to match. In pretty shades of Vieux Rose, Sky, Pink, Light Saxe, Cherry and Saxe. Wonderful value ... 29/9

This garment can be obtained from any of our addresses mentioned below.

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BECOMING HAT (as sketch) of coarse Pedal Straw with new shaped crown, trimmed at side with hand-made flower in various coloured wools, finished narrow coloured ribbons to tone. In black, navy, nigger, and a variety of fashionable colours.

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Finest Embroideries, Laces, and Materials, which will be found useful and instructive. It is advisable and economical to use only the best materials and trimmings.

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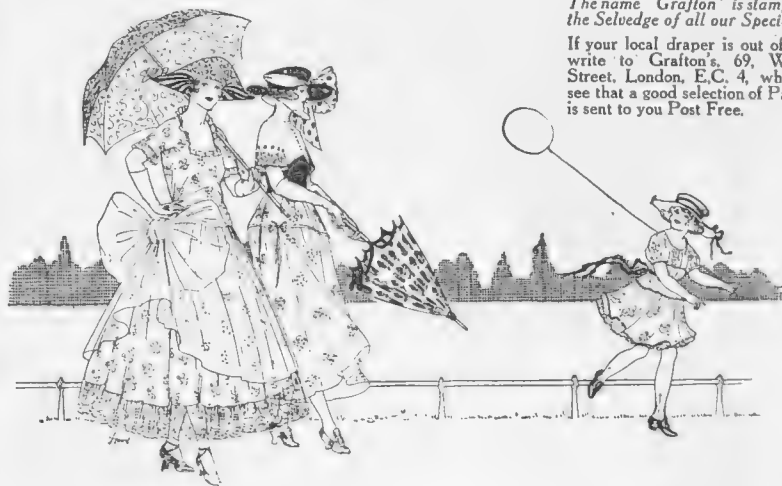
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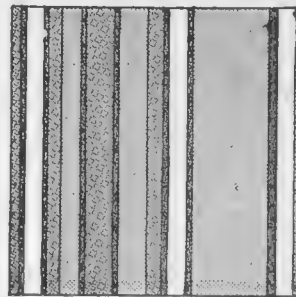
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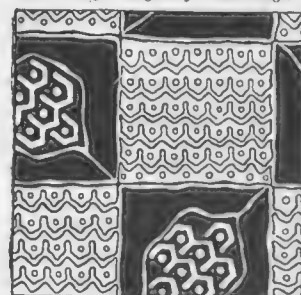
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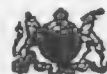
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Special Price 25/6



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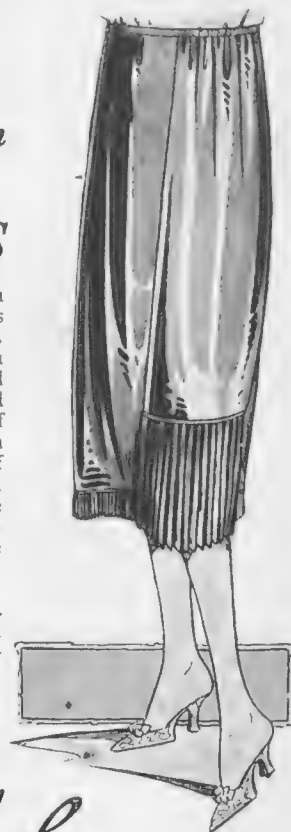
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PETTICOAT in soft finished heavy quality satin, pleated at sides, finished tiny kilted frill a foot. Made in black, navy, and all leading shades.

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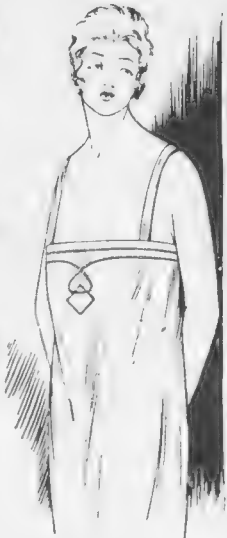
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Zenana Gown, embroi-  
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Our buyers have recently re-  
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Teafrocks by Doucet, Worth,  
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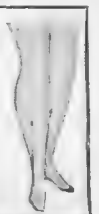
**GRACEFUL TEAFROCK** (as sketch), an  
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finished, with the train falling from  
the left shoulder, belt of gold galon  
and caught with Oriental motifs;  
lined throughout with Crêpe-de-Chine.  
In saxe, grey, black, tan, mauve and  
rose, also black and gold and black  
and silver.

PRICE  
18½ Gns.

### PURE SILK HOSE

(as sketch)

with openwork clox,  
double silk feet and  
tops, best quality.  
In black, white and  
a variety of colours.  
Price 18/6 per pair.



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are showing in their Salons, an extensive  
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## TAILORED SUITS

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The example illustrated is typical of a  
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They are made in a variety of fine quality  
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### SPECIAL DISPLAY

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"NILE"

Simple, yet graceful, this becoming Coat  
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Ready-to-wear from 9½ Gns



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In our Corset Salon you will find a fascinating selection of new Models of the celebrated

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These Corsets are well-known to thousands of ladies in all the fashion centres of the world. They are the very acme of perfection and comfort, and ensure perfect grace and elegance.

## A Model for Average Figures

Model O980.—A charming and well-cut Corset, with the fashionable low bust. The extra long skirt is a special feature of this model. Available in Pink only. Sizes: 22 to 30 ins.

Price - - **3 Gns**



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WE have specially designed and made in our own workrooms a large number of inexpensive Jumpers, similar in character to the one illustrated. The materials used are of our well-known high standard of quality, and despite greatly increased labour costs these garments are now being sold at approximately pre-war prices.

Attractive short BLOUSE in heavy Crêpe-de-Chine, a rouleau of crepe outlines the new armhole and also trims the neck, front is daintily embroidered with silk to tone. In ivory, flesh, lemon, jade, nigger royal, navy and black.

Price 25/9

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Write for Catalogue.



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## Special Value in LADIES' SPORTS COATS

Knitted Wool Sports Coat made in a narrow rib stitch, raglan sleeves, roll collar, to be had in following colours only: saxe, light rose, dark rose, mole, terra, helio, sky-resida, champ., amethyst, salmon, purple.

SPECIAL PRICE

**25/6**

*Harvey Nichols*  
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## "THE LAYS OF A LIMPET."

AT last the limpet, real and metaphorical, hitherto "unwept, un-honoured, and unsung," has found its poet. He is Mr. Edward McCurdy—a brother of "C. A.," of Food Control fame, whose net may be supposed to have spread over "cockles and mussels, alive, alive oh!" or even the succulent winkle, but, presumably, allowed the inedible shell-fish under notice to go free. In "The Lays of a Limpet" (Selwyn and Blount), the author thus apostrophises his subject—

Thou gasteropodous mollusc,  
Thou cyclobranchiate,  
Thou bold young feller, *genus* Patella,  
Adhering to rocks or slate.

O limpet on the lone sea wall,  
Pity thy brother in Whitehall!

Besides the mock-heroic, Mr. McCurdy is equally happy in the vein of ironic satire, as in his "Ode to a Permanent Civil Servant," whom he compares to a little Chinese mandarin—

Did eastern potter first devise  
The veiled surveillance of your eyes?

Also in the vein of parody, laying under contribution, among others, Lewis Carroll (in "The Seven Mops"), Gilbert ("When the Checker Isn't Occupied with Checking"), FitzGerald's Omar (in "Doctors"), Tennyson (in "The Limpet")—

I would be a limpet bold,  
I would chase the flappers under the sea;  
I would chase them again till they chased me  
(Chase me, Charlie, under the sea)—

and, finally, Scott, in "The Lay of the Last Limpet"—

The way was long, the wind was cold,  
The limpet was infirm and old.

Written as "the fruit of experience of three years' service in the Ministry of Pensions," these delicious "lays" are a subtle satire on the world of red tape and officialdom. Implied, if not directly expressed, is a tribute to "the tragic figure in the background," the disabled soldier or sailor, to whose needs the particular limpets in question were appointed to minister.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

FOR three half-crowns, one of the best books of the year can be bought, and when one says "best," one means a book which will appeal to everyone. It is the Prince of Wales's Book, "A Pictorial Record of the Voyages of H.M.S. *Renown*, 1919-1920," published for St. Dunstan's by Hodder and Stoughton. It is a splendidly arranged book of photographs, which show the Prince of Wales in many moods and places, doing many things, from making speeches to playing with his pet wallaby; diving; golfing; as an Indian Chief, and as a cowboy, roping steers at a stampede. It is a truly fascinating record of a wonderful tour, and it contains a facsimile letter from the Prince of Wales, urging everyone to help the cause of the blinded men by buying it, and an introduction by him, which explains why St. Dunstan's still needs our aid.

"Burke's Handbook to the Order of the British Empire" has now appeared, and will prove a most useful work of reference, as it contains a complete list, and short biographical descriptions, of all Knights Grand Cross, Dames Grand Cross, Knights Commanders and Dames Commanders, Commanders, Officers, and Members of the Order. Although the work is officially called a "handbook," it is quite a large volume, and contains a very interesting introduction describing the institution of the Order, and contrasting its grand inclusive plan with the element of exclusiveness which is a feature of most of the older Orders of chivalry.

The lure of embroidery represents one of the most important of Fashion's many attractions this year, and is often of the metallic persuasion, as was noticeable at the show of Paris models which took place recently at Paquin's London house, at 29, Dover Street. A batch of fascinating frocks, tailor-mades, wraps, cloaks and millinery from the Paris house of the famous firm was displayed last week. Evening gowns were perhaps the most notable feature of the show, and a distinctive dress in black silk net, adorned with a long over-skirt of shimmering bead chains, attracted much attention. The slight fullness at the hips which Fashion demands at the moment was achieved by means of black net. The tailor suits were exceptionally attractive, and taffeta held an honoured place as a dress material.

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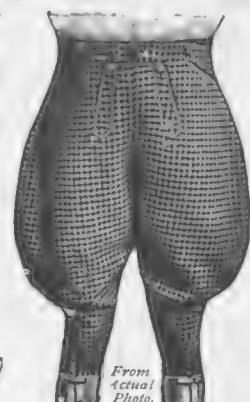
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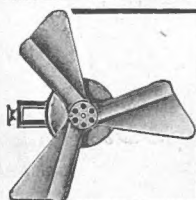


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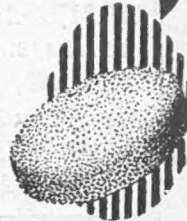
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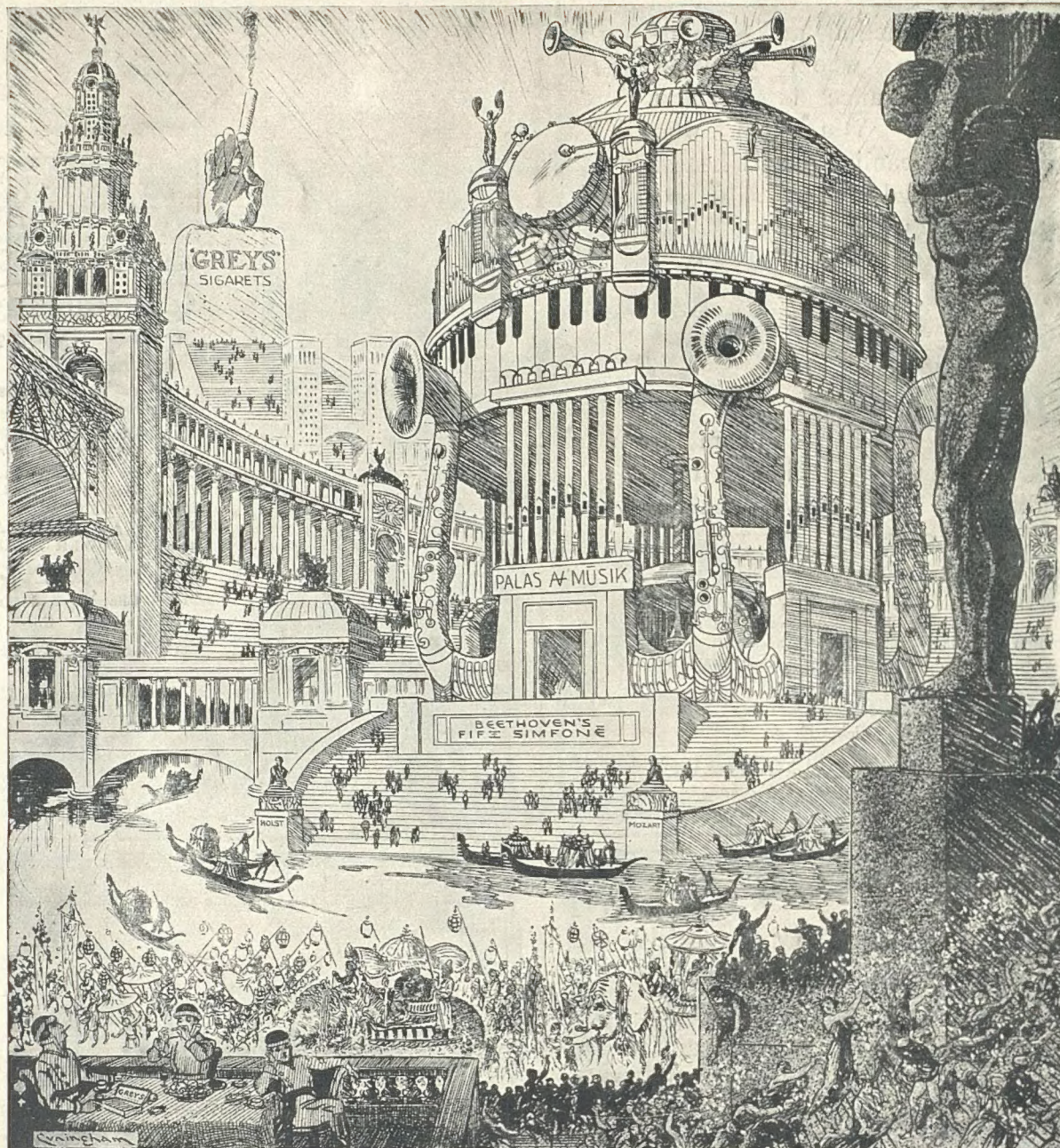
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